ALL SHOP ASSISTANTS SHOULD SEE PAGE 787.

OFFICIAL GOVERNMENT STATEMENT:
"Wherever the PASTEUR (Chamberland) FILTER has been introduced TYPHOID FEVER has disappeared."
The only Filter the profession recommend.
Sole Licensees and Makers, DEFRIES & SONS, LTD., Houndsditch, E.C. Write for Catalogue. Mention Pearson's Weekly.

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

TO INTEREST, TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

SMOKE THE CELEBRATED "PIONEER" SWEETENED TOBACCO, KNOWN ALL OVER THE WORLD.
MANUFACTURED BY THE RICHMOND CAVENDISH CO., LTD., AT THEIR BONDED WORKS, LIVERPOOL, AND Retailed by all first-class Tobacconists at Home and Abroad.

No. 515.] TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING JUNE 2, 1900. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

NOW IN THREE STRENGTHS
MILD, MEDIUM, and FULL
GALLAHER'S "TWO FLAKES" TOBACCO.
In 1, 2, & 4 oz. TINS, secured by patent band.

THE FRAUD of having other tyres palmed off as genuine DUNLOP TYRES can be prevented by forwarding doubtful tyres to any of our depots. Examination and report free of charge.
ALMA STREET, COVENTRY; 14 REGENT STREET, S.W.; 100 TO 106 CLERKENWELL ROAD, LONDON, E.C.

Chocolate in Perfection. BUY ONLY
KLAUS'S CHOCOLAT AU NOISETTE
IN TABLET FORM.
Sold by Confectioners and Stores in 1d. packets and upwards.
Factory—LE LOCLE, SWITZERLAND. Sole Agent (trade only)—C. TENNANT SMITH. Office and Show Rooms—42 and 44, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

KIMBALL'S
OLD GOLD CIGARETTES
ARE PERFECT.

Hudson's Soap
For Washing Clothes
Used in all the "Happy Homes of England"

PLAYER'S IS SOLD EVERYWHERE IN PACKETS AND TINS ONLY.

Ask at all Tobacco Sellers, Stores, &c., and take no other. The Genuine bears the Trade Mark, "NOTTINGHAM CASTLE," on every packet and Tin.

MILD IN **RED** Packets and Tins.

See that you get **PLAYER'S**

MEDIUM IN **BLUE** Packets and Tins.

A FREE TRIAL FOR 2/6

Description.

New Sunshade Eyepieces. Very Comfortable.

Telescopic Sides, Ormolu Gilt.

Ebonized Adjustment Screw.

Crocodile Leather Covered Body.

Nickel and Gilt Lens Mounts.

PRICE 14/6

WE will send Post Paid to any reader of *Pearson's Weekly* on receipt of 2/6 one pair of these handsome **FIELD GLASSES**, price complete with Crocodile Leather Case and Sling, only 14/6 (Dark Leather same Price).

IF you do not approve of them, we will **return your deposit in full.**

IF you approve of them, you send us 2/- on receipt, and 2/- each month for 5 months = 14/6.

BUT when you have received the glasses, should you prefer to send the balance at once, send only 10/6 more, as we allow 1/6 discount to those who pay cash.

OR you may send 13/- at once, and if you do not approve of the glasses we will **refund the money** if glasses are returned in 7 days. . . . . . . (The Trade Supplied.)

LETTERS FROM PLEASED PURCHASERS.

A PAIR OF **FIELD GLASSES** which can be focussed to suit anybody's sight (old or young) for **13/6 CASH,** or on monthly payments (see above).

Staveley, April 30th, 1900. Dear Sir,—I received the field glasses safely, and beg to say that they give the greatest satisfaction, having tested them against others of four times their value. I shall not hesitate to recommend them to all. I enclose postal order for remainder of money, 10/6.—Yours respectfully, W. MARRIOTT.

David's Loan, Bainsford, Falkirk, May 1st, 1900. Dear Sir,—I received the Field Glasses, and am quite satisfied with them. I recommend them to my friends. I forward P.O. for 10/6 as payment.—Yours respectfully, J. HUNTER.

4 Foreman's Row, Seaton Delaval, April 28th. Sir,—Enclosed find 10/6 balance due to you for the Field Glasses received safe, and am perfectly satisfied with them.—I remain, yours truly, T. HANCOCK.

Creigfrim, Obarth, Llangollen, N.W. 10/5/1900. Dear Sir,—I received the Glasses safe this evening; they are beyond my expectations. I am well satisfied with them. I enclose P.O. to the value of 10/6 to pay for same out and out. Thanking you for your prompt attention,—I conclude, yours, &c., H. EDWARDS.

J. H. MASTERS, WATCHMAKERS & JEWELLERS, RYE, SUSSEX.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, BELFAST,
And 164, 166 & 170, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS — *Bordered.* per doz. Children's 1/3, Ladies' 2/3, Gents' 3/3. *Hem-stitched.* per doz. Ladies' 2/9, Gents' 3/11. "The Irish Cambrics of Messrs. ROBINSON & CLEAVER have a world-wide fame."—*The Queen.* Direct from the Manufacturers. Samples and Price Lists Post Free.

LINEN COLLARS, CUFFS, AND SHIRTS. Collars, Ladies', from 3/6 per doz. Gents' 4-fold, 4/11 per doz. Cuffs for Ladies or Gentlemen from 5/11 per doz. Shirts, Fine quality Long Cloth, 4-fold pure Linen Fronts, 35/6 per ½ doz. (to measure 2/- extra). "Exquisite quality, most moderate in price."—*Myra's Journal.*

N.B.—To prevent delay, all Letter Orders and inquiries for Samples should be sent direct to Belfast.

GOOD CYCLES SHOULD AND CHEAP ONES MUST HAVE CLINCHER TYRES

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Bartlett's Patent. The first Detachable Pneumatic Tyre invented.

The CLINCHER "A" WON Tyres are perfect in every detail of quality and manufacture. The best that money can buy.

The CLINCHER "B" Tyres on hollow rims. Unique combination of Low Price & High Quality.

CLINCHER ROUTE BOOK, with Map. Every Route in England and Wales. Price 1/-, by post, 1/3.

NORTH BRITISH RUBBER CO. LTD., 57 MOORGATE STREET, E.C.

Mackintosh's Extra Cream Toffee Is "MOREISH." More you eat, more you want. EAT ONLY MACKINTOSH'S. Can be obtained from all branches of Boots, Cash Chemists. For trade terms apply J. MACKINTOSH Ltd., The Toffee Kings, HALIFAX. Large sample packet post free 6d.

ENABLES A CHILD TO REMOVE AND REPLACE THE TIGHTEST COVER.

Impossible to Rip the Inner Tube or Damage Rim.

Price in Steel, N.P., 9d., from dealers, or 10d., post free from

IREDALE Ltd., LIVERPOOL.

TO SMOKERS! Make your own Cigarettes, Sir; it is twice as good.

LARGEST SALE IN GREAT BRITAIN.

SPECIAL SALE of **LADIES' TAILOR-MADE COSTUMES.**

We have just secured a large bankrupt's stock of Ladies' Costume Cloths, and are making them up into complete costumes to sell at **12/6 AND UPWARDS.**

These Costumes are superior in manufacture, reliable in material, latest fashion, unapproachable in price, and after the present stock is gone, cannot be repeated.

SKIRTS ONLY, 4/6. ALL GARMENTS MADE TO MEASURE ONLY, and sent carriage paid. *Please mention this paper when writing.* Send at once for patterns & our new illus. price list to

A. SHAW & CO., 57 BREAD ST., CHEAPSIDE, LONDON.

AGENTS WANTED For the Sale of First-class Fountain Pens. Special Terms to Reliable Agents.—THE STAR Stationery Co. Ltd., 24 Cursitor St., Chancery Lane, London, E.C. Sample box free.

HEALTH. BY PROPER FOOD.

The human body is composed of fifteen elements in definite proportions. The whole grain of wheat is composed of similar elements in similar proportions. Shredded Wheat Biscuit is a thrice cooked whole wheat food, made light without yeast or chemicals, and a perfect substitute for medicines.

SHREDDED WHEAT Can be obtained at the Stores and all up-to-date Grocers at 7d. per packet.

Send this advertisement, with one penny stamp, to the SHREDDED WHEAT CO., 6 & 8 EASTCHEAP, LONDON, and they will send you a COOK BOOK DAINTILY ILLUSTRATED.

£20 Hairdressers fitted up. Estimates free. Tobacconists Commencing. See Illd. Guide (230 pages), 3d. How to open a cigar store, £20 to £2,000. TOBACCONISTS OUTFITTING Co., 186, Euston Rd., London. The largest and original house (50 yrs. reputation). Mgr., H. MYERS.

VARICOCELE Every man suffering from Varicocele and the allied troubles should send for Treatise, describing their Causes, Symptoms, Results, and Successful and Painless Treatment, without surgical operation, or the use of cumbersome trusses and electrical appliances. Will be sent sealed, post free, three stamps. **F. MURRAY, 7 Southampton Row, London, W.C.**

TOO STOUT. I was for years; by chance I came across a simple home remedy that reduced me from 17st. to 10st. 12lbs., and I will willingly send particulars **free** to any sufferer enclosing stamp.—MRS. T. K. FELL, 193 Oxford Street, London, W.

"COOPER" CYCLES Latest Frame, Large Weldless Steel Tubes. Improved 1900 Pattern, Ball bearings, Tangent Wheels, Brake and Mud Guards. Gent's from £3 10s.; Ladies' from £5 (with Dress and Gear Guards). 12 months' Warranty. Lists free. Agents wanted. **W. COOPER, 753 Old Kent Road, London, S.E.**

FIND KRUGER £500 REWARDS.

We offer £500 in REWARDS for FINDING KRUGER'S HEAD which is concealed in this Picture. Can you find it? We want to introduce SYMONDS' TEA in every household, and to those who help us to do so we will repay with Bicycles, Watches, Silverware, Jewellery, &c. We give real £14 14s. BICYCLES and other articles of true value. NONE OF YOUR MONEY WANTED. You will not be compelled to buy anything of us, but you can gain Valuable Prizes by solving the puzzle and rendering us slight home assistance (supplying addresses of friends, &c.). So any man, woman, boy, or girl can gain a rich reward. You can receive Bicycle, &c., quickly after you answer this advertisement, providing you comply with our simple conditions. No Hawking for you to do; but an honourable offer by a Registered Company. Cut out picture with KRUGER'S HEAD marked by pencil; send to us with 6 penny stamps, for postage, advertising, &c.; and we will send a beautiful piece of Silverware, Jewellery, or other gifts with our offers, so you can obtain Bicycle, &c., quickly. Be sure to write name and full address plainly. Answers without stamps will receive no attention. ADDRESS: **SYMONDS' TEA CO. LTD., E.L.D., Devonshire St., W.C., London.**

DRUNKENNESS CURED.—This can be done with or without patient's knowledge. Send me a stamped envelope and I will tell you how. (Send no money.)—Address, in confidence, Mrs. B. K. (Room 8), 195 Oxford Street, London, W.

Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa

As a Concentrated Form of Nourishment and Vitality

Is Invaluable.

And to all who wish to face the battle of life with sustained exertion, it is absolutely indispensable.

Shop assistants who want a fortnight in Paris free of charge should read the announcement on page 787.

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.
TO INTEREST TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

"PEARSON'S WEEKLY" INSURANCE COUPON.

The signing of this coupon by the purchaser will be sufficient to entitle his or her next-of-kin or legal representative to the benefits of the £2,000 Railway Insurance, and the £100 Cycling Insurance, provided the conditions of the insurance coupon have been fulfilled.

Signature.....

Available from 5 p.m., Friday, May 25th, 1900, until midnight, Saturday, June 2nd, 1900. For full particulars see page 788.

No. 515.] TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING JUNE 2, 1900. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. [ONE PENNY.

MOTHER: "My daughter, I'm astonished at your conduct with that gentleman. I distinctly heard him kiss you twice."

Daughter: "Nonsense, ma. You know very well the conservatory has an echo."

LADY (meeting old servant): "Why, you left us, Jane, because we couldn't pay you higher wages, and now you say you're working for a master who pays you nothing for your labour!"

Jane (sadly): "Yes, mum. I'm married, mum!"

TEACHER: "What is a machine that is made to navigate the air commonly called?"

Scholar: "A balloon."

Teacher: "Correct. Now what is the man who navigates the balloon called?"

Scholar: "A balloonatic."

He Got the Umbrella.

"I DON'T like a friend to domineer over me," said the young man with the patient disposition.

"Who has been doing that?"

"Fellow I chum with. He borrowed my evening clothes."

"Pretty cool cheek that."

"I didn't mind it. But when he asked for my umbrella, I told him I might want to use it myself. But he got it just the same."

"How?"

"He simply stood on his dignity, and said, 'All right; have your own way about it. They're your clothes that I'm trying to keep from getting spoiled; not mine.'"

"I AM so afraid of lightning," said a handsome coquette during a thunder storm.

"And well you might be," rejoined one of her victims. "You have a heart of steel."

MR. BLUBBERS: "No, my dear; you can't judge a woman's position by her jewellery."

Mrs. Blubbers: "I suppose you're right; but it's a pretty fair indication of her husband's."

HICKS: "Did you hear about the row at Howbig's house? Mrs. H. discovered a letter in his pocket in a lady's handwriting."

Wicks: "The dickens she did! Do you know, I always suspected Howbig."

Hicks: "It was a letter that Mrs. Howbig wrote ten days before and gave him to post."

He Sold It.

"DON'T want soap, nor pictures," said the hard-faced woman to the strange young man at the door.

"I'm not a pedlar, madam," said the stranger; "my business is of an entirely different nature. Do you remember a weary, ragged, and hungry tramp calling at your kitchen door about a week ago?"

She didn't remember.

"Let me refresh your memory; you were dressed in an old morning wrap, tied at the waist with a string; your front hair was in pins, and there was a dark smudge across your nose——" She turned to slam the door, but his foot happened to be in the way.

"You had a rolling-pin in one hand, and a kettle of hot water in the other, with which you threatened to scald the poor wayfarer."

"Well, I didn't scald him, anyhow. You can't get any assault and battery against me."

"Nothing of the sort was intended, ma'am. I merely wish to let you know that I was that supposed tramp. The bundle that I carried on that occasion was a lightning camera, and I have already been offered 10s. by a neighbour of yours for the negative of you I obtained; but if you want it for 7s. 6d., it is yours."

He effected the sale.

All rights reserved.]

I, Too, Am Alone.

I MISS you, my darling, my darling,
The shadows creep up on the spire,
And loud is the noise of the city,
And all things with life seem afire;
The glow that all other hearts quicken,
Is a pall of despair to my own;
'Tis evening, and like you, my darling,
I, too, am alone.

I want you, my darling, my darling,
I'm tired of the day and its care;
I would have you sit down here beside me,
I stroking your beautiful hair;
Forgetting the world and its sorrow,
Forgetting all things but my own;
But to-night the dull city reminds me
I, too, am alone.

I call you my darling, my darling,
No glad answer comes to my ear,
Then memory turns back on the bye-gone,
And calls up a vision most dear;
I fancy I hear you, my darling,
Say "Love to perfection has grown";
O, bliss! but the city reminds me
I, too, am alone.

I need you, my darling, my darling,
A void in my aching heart yet
Cries aloud for the days that have vanished,
And sings of remorse and regret;
But a star rises on the horizon,
Its rays throw a light o'er my own,
And I see the day dawning when we, love,
Shall not be alone.

Doing His Best.

HE was a new assistant in the big retail establishment, and he was anxious to make a record as a salesman. A young lady inquired:

"Can you let me look at some safety bicycles?"

He turned away to get information about the stock, and, returning, said with a winsome smile:

"I'm very sorry, miss, but we're out of safety bicycles; but we have some fine safety matches."

CALLER: "What is the matter with Fido, that you are watching him so closely?"

Charlie: "Mamma said your hat was enough to make a dog laugh, and I wanted to see him do it."

JESS: "Why don't the Plumply girls go out any more on their bicycles?"

Bess: "They heard a man tell his little boy they were fat ladies from the circus out to advertise the show."

ONE OF HIS TRICKS.—"I thought you said you were going to bring a friend home to dinner with you?" said Mrs. Johnson.

"He couldn't come, Miranda," replied Mr. Johnson, as he sat down with great satisfaction to the first good dinner he had had at home for weeks.

"ISN'T there something in my policy," asked a caller at an insurance office the other day, "about my having to report any change of residence?"

"Yes, sir," said the man at the nearest desk, picking up a pen. "Where have you moved to?"

"I haven't moved anywhere," rejoined the caller. "I have made a change in my residence by painting it a light straw colour and putting a chimney-pot on the kitchen-chimney. I think that's all. Good-day."

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Owing to the advent of the Whitsuntide holidays the next number of "P.W." will be on sale on Friday, June 1st, instead of Saturday, June 2nd.

MISTRESS: "Have you that ribbon for my hair?"

Maid: "Yes, mum; but——"

"But what?"

"I've mislaid the hair!"

TEACHER: "Sammy, in the sentence, 'I have a book, what is the case of the pronoun 'I'?"

Sammy (promptly): "Nominative case."

Teacher: "Next boy, tell me in what case to put the noun 'book.'"

Next Boy (thoughtfully): "Bookcase."

MIKE: "I hear that yez had a bad fall."

Pat: "Oi did that same, I war on a scaffold whin the rope broke. I hung on to the rope an' thin dropped to the ground an' nearly broke me skull."

Mike: "But whoy did yez lave go of the rope?"

Pat: "Sure, Oi lift go to moisten me hands."

The Poor Milkman Again.

AT a school the other day, a teacher, having asked most of his pupils the difference between an island and a peninsula without receiving a satisfactory answer, came to the last boy.

"I can explain it, sir," said the bright youth. "First get two glasses; fill one with water and the other with milk. Then catch a fly and place it in the glass of water. That fly is an island, because it is entirely surrounded by water. But now place the fly in the glass of milk and it will be a peninsula, because it is nearly surrounded by water."

The boy went to the top of the class.

"JOHNNIE, Johnnie, you talk too much!"

"Why, that's what you said of mother and Aunt Mary, father! Am I to blame for your marrying into a talkative family!"

CUSTOMER: "Waiter, this bullock's heart is very badly cooked."

Waiter: "Well, sir, the fact is, the cook's been crossed in love, and whenever he has anything to do with 'eart, it so upsets him that he doesn't know what he's a-doin' of."

FRIEND (noticing the confused heap of goods of every description scattered promiscuously about the shop): "Hallo, what's happened? Been taking an inventory, had a fire, or are you going to move?"

Draper: "That shows how little you know about the drapery business. We have merely been serving a lady who dropped in for a packet of pins."

"Hokey."

THE young viscount's marriage with a mere music-hall performer had been quite the crowning scandal of the season; but the beauty of the girl was undeniable. She had the face of a Madonna and the figure of a Venus; if only her unfortunate Shoreditch tongue could have been permanently silenced the viscount might have presented her to his family at the castle in Shropshire.

Happy thought! Why shouldn't she be dumb? Dumb, at any rate, on "state occasions." It was a mighty idea, and, provided she steered clear of sudden shocks, should work very well. The viscount determined to try it.

'Twas a brilliant dinner at Foreclose Abbey, but peerless above all was the rare beauty of the new viscountess. All the men went mad, and never took their eyes off her right through dinner. She simply nodded assent as they offered her each course, and at last the ice pudding came in.

As the young bride swallowed her first spoonful her great eyes sparkled with a newly discovered joy. Her face lit up with the delight experienced at coming suddenly, unexpectedly, on an old and cherished friend, and, unable in her great happiness to contain herself, she yelled:

"Oh, strike me Prussian blue!—it's hokey!"

The Twentieth Century Begins on January 1st, 1901, and Potchefstroom is the Capital of the Transvaal.
IF IT'S IN P.W. *IT'S SO.*

A "BUNYA-BUNYA" IDYLL.

A Pretty Australian Story.

By Ethel Mills.

"Oh! Jack. Eliza has given notice."

"Eliza!" My brother's voice was full of astonishment. "Is she going to be married?"

"No," I answered reproachfully. "You know quite well that her young man is in gaol for horse stealing, and he has a year to 'do' yet. No, I'm sorry to say that baby——" I was interrupted by our schoolgirl sister Susie, who came flying round the corner of the veranda like a miniature whirlwind, the best spare-room jug in her hands.

"Look at this, Jack," she said, lowering the jug so that he could peer into it. "Black as your hat, and it was crystal-clean water this morning."

"By Jove," said Jack, "what's in it?"

"Oh, very little" (and Susie's sarcasm was divine); "only my tooth-brush, and your spurs, and a whole tin of blacking, and Eliza's young man's photo—the only one she has, too."

"By Jove," said Jack.

"It's true enough," I said. "Baby is the cause, and Eliza refuses to be pacified. She has packed up, and is going, and how poor old cook is to manage by herself, with Christmas almost upon us, and a house full of strangers to cater for, I don't know. I wish Baby had some sense."

"Some sense," cried Jack. "I like that; why, she could buy and sell the lot of you now. A smarter child never ——"

"You are a ridiculously young father," said Susie, severely. "I heard Mrs. Bryce say so, and you don't know anything about children. Here's Lilith; perhaps she can suggest something. Come here, Lilith, and see what you can do."

Lilith, whom I had worshipped in my schoolgirl days, and who had suddenly taken it into her head to look me up and accept an invitation to Willwanda given years ago in those same schoolgirl days, came slowly along the wide, vine-shaded veranda, the shadows of the grape leaves trembling on her white dress, and the bright sunlight bringing golden tints into her heavy red-brown hair. She was not strictly beautiful by any means, but her head was charmingly set on her shoulders, her hands and feet were shapely and small, she had a pretty mouth, with red lips, and a pathetic droop at its corners; but the rest of her features were nondescript. She was tall rather than short, and walked well, and she possessed that wonderful gift of fascination which makes some women so irresistible.

Lilith had the situation in all its horror explained to her. I was only a young housekeeper, and Jack, in his usual open-hearted way, had invited half the district for the Christmas week and dinner—and beside that, a persistent admirer of Lilith's had secured an invitation, in spite of the fact that she had refused the honour of his hand and large fortune twice. He was a very "grand" Englishman, indeed, and had actually brought his "man" with him, a far more difficult person to fix up than his master. "We are short-handed even with Eliza," I said, "and without her ——!"

Lilith was looking dreamily northwards, away to where the forests ended and the plains began, and a faint purple haze showed against the blue of the Australian sky.

"The Bunyas look very clear to-day," she remarked.

"Really, Lilith," I began..

"Wait a bit," she said, "I have an idea. Let us all pack up and make for those mysterious mountains. We should have a lovely cool Christmas, and no one expects grand things at a picnic!"

"By Jove," said Jack, "that is a good idea. But what about my daughter?"

"She can come too, of course. She is four years old now, and will be very little trouble. Plenty of Bunya nuts to play with, a big sun-bonnet to shade her, and there you are."

"And Mrs. Bryce?" I queried.

"Just into her hands, of course. She can faint at the foot of all the hills, and the jackeroos will all be there to catch her," said Lilith. "Mr. West can catch her too, if he likes. Look, Mr. Farrar, your saturnine friend has surrendered at last," and she moved a trailing vine spray so that Jack could get a better view of the couple sauntering up the gravelled drive. They were Mrs. Bryce, a rich young Melbourne widow, who had been touring amongst her Queensland stations, and Harry West, a friend of my brother's, who had been ordered to take a rest after some stiff exams. at the University, and was doing it by helping our old book-keeper get his intricate books into apple-pie order, so that he spent most of his time over at the office.

I really felt sorry for Mrs. Bryce. She was so much prettier than Lilith, and, until the advent of that "witch-damsel," had queened it royally over the susceptible hearts of the jackeroos and neighbouring bachelor squatters. So far, with the exception of Jack, his friend Harry West was the only unconquered citadel. His grave, far-seeing eyes had not been dazzled by Lilith's charm or the widow's beauty, but Mrs. Bryce was triumphant now.

She had gone over early to the "quarters" to be weighed on the store scales, and was now returning with the misanthrope in tow. We told Mrs. Bryce of our plans, and she said it would be "lovely," and hoped Mr. West would come, because he was so intellectual, and it was so nice to meet a congenial spirit in the wilds of Queensland.

"We talked for hours this morning," she said. "We talked of cog-wheels, and dynamos, and steam-pipes, and—oh! and things—it was most interesting; but he won't talk of himself much. Is he not delicate?"

"Jack says so. He used not to be, for when Jack was a little fellow at the King School, Mr. West was the best all-round man they had, and was in the University football team afterwards. He is very clever, and has probably overworked; but I really know very little about him," I said. "At any rate, the picnic camp-out ought to do him good."

We were two days' journey from the mountain, and most of our party, including Mr. West, myself, and Susie, rode. Jack drove Mrs. Bryce and Stella, and Maughan Stanfield had Lilith all to himself in the station buck-board, and he appeared to be making the most of his luck.

Once or twice I rode with Mr. West, chiefly because he seemed to like taking things easily, and although he has been considered a crack rider in New South Wales, preferred to jog along slowly now, instead of joining in the races and jumping with which the jackeroos and Susie enlivened the way. Certainly he was "resting," and had a right to be careful if he wished to; but I secretly wondered if he were not a bit of a hypochondriac. I had an idea that Lilith was still interested in him, for she often talked on subjects that would claim his attention. When we stayed for our noon-day camps he would join in eagerly, evidently enjoying her bright, original speeches, but the clear eyes were still untroubled by the look I expected to see, for I had seen it dawn in so many eyes, blue, grey, or brown, where Lilith was concerned.

As we camped for afternoon tea and an hour's spell by Bellbird Creek, I confided to her that I thought him very "clever." I was sitting with Lilith amongst the green rushes, while the men boiled the billy. She smiled, and answered:

"I knew that long ago—too clever for a butterfly like me. How do you think he compares with the other men—with Maughan Stanfield, for instance?"

"There is no comparison; they are so totally different. Mr. West takes life so seriously—by necessity and choice—he has his way to make in the world; whereas Mr. Stanfield has all its good gifts given free, as it were. Why don't you marry him, Lilith? Your tastes agree very well, and you could travel and lead the life you long for with him, and he would worship you for ever."

"Ah! why?" she said. "Ask me something easier, Francie. Young, handsome, rich, and my devoted lover—what more could a girl want?"

And then she flitted away to gather water-lilies for baby, and left me wondering if she meant to marry Maughan Stanfield after all.

Somehow, it always seemed to be West and Lilith who walked together, and after we had reached the grassy slope by bare Mount Moberland, with the steep, forest-covered hills below us, it was still the same—always the slender, white-clad girl, in the pink sunbonnet, and the tall, grave-faced man; and one day I caught him looking at her with the expression I knew so well, not quite one of love-lorn admiration only, but a deeper, stranger look, which I recognised, too, for I had learnt to know it in my brother's eyes, in the brief days of his courtship of baby Stella's mother, and I wondered if it betokened as life-long a devotion.

Lilith was only amusing herself, of course; she did not see the look, for she was bending over an English rose bush, covered with ragged-looking crimson flowers, which we had discovered amongst a tangle of Noya wild grape vines and pigeon berries on a grassy slope a few yards off. Anyone with imagination could discern certain furrows and ridges which might or might not have been the foundations of a hut.

The Bunyas are little known even now, except to the pine-splitters, and an occasional shooting party. Then they were practically undiscovered country, and we wondered not a little what hermit had planted this English rose bush, which lived on when even the outline of the homestead or lonely hut was obliterated, and whether memories of life, and love, and human joys and sorrows were connected with its bygone history.

However it was, there was Lilith, a breathing, living incarnation of youth, and youth's best gifts, plucking its scanty buds now, gently caressing its ancient stem, while Harry West looked at her with his soul in his eyes, and I, Francie Farrar, looking on at the little drama, wondered if in years to come as little would be remembered of the love of Harry West for Lilith as was now remembered or known of the rose's story.

After that I watched them more closely still, and decided that it was quite passable that West had, at some time or other, been a good deal with women—perhaps, even it might be, he had flirted. At any rate, he exerted himself to amuse and interest my friend, and succeeded easily. He was always poking about, and bringing her rare ferns and flowers, and lovely bright-hued berries. Poor Stanfield's gifts of boomerangs, nullahs, and other relics of the triennial orgies of the blacks—who came up in crowds when the bunya nuts were ripe for eating, and held high revel among the silent forests—were neglected, although I distinctly heard Lilith declare she meant to make a collection of such curios; but she had said it before we reached the mountains, and had probably changed her mind a dozen times since.

Far down on the plains we knew the people were "wilting" in the fierce Christmas heat, and, with the thermometer one hundred in the shade, would fix longing eyes on the purple hills with their cloud-capped summits, and wonder if it was "cool up there." It was cool and very beautiful through the sunlit days and moonlight nights. Our tents looked like white seagulls against the black line of forest, and before us grassy Moberland towered skyward.

Lilith had left the road to get some white flowers, and was holding them up in triumph to West, who was not far off. It was hot and close in the thick scrub, and the men had their coats off, and we girls were in the lightest of summer dresses. Lilith's usually pale face was pink with the warmth of the day, and her white frock was well set off by a background of dark, green, velvety leaves.

But Jack, who was walking with me, had no eyes for the pretty picture.

"You are too close to that stinging-tree," he said.

Perhaps his voice startled Lilith. She was balancing herself on a fallen "bunya," and at his words she slipped and fell backwards, towards the cruel giant nettles, and would have crashed into them had not Mr. West sprung forward and caught her, receiving the treacherously beautiful leaves on his bare arm. Now, it is no joke to be stung by a "stingaree," as we used to call them. Gruesome tales are sometimes told of horses straying into their tangled thickets, and, blinded and mad with pain, unable to escape, at last dying of the fatal numbness the poison leaves.

West had received a strong dose of it, and the pain probably accounted for the sickly yellow (he was too dark a man to turn white) which overspread his face. Jack seized Susie's tomahawk, and made his way carefully to an exposed stem of the stinging tree, and, rapidly stripping off a piece of bark, bound it round West's arm, which was already blistered and numb. Lilith had paled a little, but she tore her handkerchief into strips and helped him deftly.

Mr. Stanfield was not with us, but had gone off in gloomy silence to shoot wonga by himself. However, Mrs. Bryce and some of the others had witnessed the accident, and loud shrieks from the road told our accustomed ears that the lady was "fainting."

We were too used to these sudden attacks to be much disturbed, and it was not until after Jack had taken his patient back to the camp for a "nip and a rest" that I went to her assistance. She was moaning in Mr. Lee's arms, and it was some time before we could bring her round. Indeed, I doubt if we would have succeeded as soon as we did had not Susie borrowed baby Stella's latest "treasure trove," a large, plump, green tree frog, and applied its clammy back to the fair sufferer's cheek. And then as she tottered back to camp, supported by two sympathising admirers, and further guarded by Susie, the baby and the beloved frog, I noticed that Lilith had disappeared, so I went back along the road to find her. I had not far to go. She was lying amongst a patch of bracken, such a crumpled heap of muslin, such a pitiful, sobbing Lilith, that I stood astounded.

"Lil, tell me, were you hurt too? Oh, you brave girl, and you never said a word," I cried, tenderly pushing back the pink sun bonnet.

"No," she sobbed, "I was not hurt; only it was all my fault that he was."

"Oh," I said, "he will be all right in a day or two." Then a light suddenly dawned upon me. "Lilith, you don't mean to say—you can't mean that you are——"

"But I am," said Lilith from the depths of her pink sun bonnet.

It was true enough. Lilith, the enchantress, was caught at last, and, indeed, the love seemed mutual, for West betrayed himself over and over again, although I could see he was trying to keep a strong hold over his feelings. Perhaps he had heard of the girl's many heartless flirtations, and, as love is proverbially blind, failed to see that she was in earnest now. Still, they were always together, and, with the glamour of the beautiful sunny days, the lovely scrubs, and the careless picnic life, it was not likely his reserve would last.

The last night but one of our "camp out" came, and the waiting expression was still on Lilith's face. I remember the night quite well. It was so warm and moonlight, and Lilith was restless, and chose to pin back the flaps of our tent and gaze out at the cloud mists that every now and then hid the moon and filled the air with a warm dampness, and then I ventured to talk of Harry West.

"I know he cares for you, Lil. Why don't you settle things? He is clever in his profession, even if he is not rich, and you are head over ears in love with each other, although, remember, I still think Mr. Stanfield is more suited to you; and, anyway, you have money of your own."

"Yes, that is just it," she said eagerly. "He cares for me, I really think; but he will never ask me to marry him, he will never tell me he loves me. I know there is some reason, and I am sure it is because of my wretched money—my poor £100 a year—he is so strange in some ways. I know it is that."

And she turned again to the moonlight, looking like a spirit with the new beauty of her absorbing love on her sweet little face.

"Then," I said, "do as heiresses always do in books. It's the only way. You must let him know you like him. We are going to see the waterfall to-morrow and the place where the blacks 'corroboree' when they come up to get the bunya nuts. He is sure to wander off with you. My own opinion is that he thinks you are only playing with him, and directly you let him know, why he will rush at you."

"Francie!" cried Lilith in horror at my bold suggestion, but I believe the idea took root for all that.

We went to the waterfall next day, and I tried to entertain Lilith's gloomy Englishman. It was dreadful work, and after lunch I was glad to slip away and take a rest in a ferny hollow by myself. The fern was cool and soft to lie upon, and the hum of the bees and the distant voice of the waterfall sang lullaby to such good purpose that I was fast asleep before I knew where I was, and the shadows had lengthened and the bees were winging homewards when I awoke again—or was I still asleep, for I had been dreaming of Lilith, and I heard her voice quite close to me.

"Harry," she was saying, "I thought you knew; I thought you had guessed long ago."

And then a man's voice, deep and broken with emotion: "Guessed it? Oh, Lilith, are you playing with me?"

"No," she said; and then pleadingly: "Is it my wretched money, Harry, that stands between us?"

"No," he said, "it is not that. Lilith, I never dreamed that you cared for me. But there is another reason. I am nothing better than a broken-down cripple; I have no right to marry and shadow a bright life like yours."

There was silence for a moment, and during that time I suddenly awoke to the fact that I was eavesdropping, and in an altogether awkward position, and I moved cautiously, and then realised that escape without exposing my whereabouts and covering the couple with confusion was impossible. The precipice of the waterfall was just behind

"An Imperial Light Horseman," is the novel of the hour.

me, and the lovers but a few yards in front of me. So I concluded that the only thing was to stay quite still and shut my eyes when the real "love-making" began. I hoped they would not keep me long in my shady retreat, and I peeped out to see if matters were hurrying up at all. Lilith was looking up into her companion's dark, troubled face.

"Is that all?" she said softly, moving a little nearer.

"All," he repeated. "Do you know that my life hangs by a thread, that at any moment I might drop dead? No, Lilith," and he unclasped her hands from his arm. "You must forget this fancy, for it is only a fancy."

I felt terribly indignant.

If anyone looked strong and healthy, Harry West did, and Lilith's next words startled me.

"I do not care," she said, "you love me, and I love you. If I knew you were really dying I would love you just the same."

Then she dropped her eyes, and a slow blush dyed her fair face.

West did not speak, and Lilith sank down on the rock, hiding her burning face in her slender hands. Harry West looked at her.

Every moment I thought he would take her in his arms and kiss her sweet mouth, at least that was how the heroes in the novels generally did, and in the "rapture of the moment," I thought I should be able to steal away unheard.

How differently Maughan Stanfield would have acted under the same circumstances! Poor Lilith, to have set her heart on a "stick," so I mentally called her tardy lover. I moved a little to get a better view of his face, and it positively frightened me—the veins on his forehead stood out like cords, and the hard lines round his mouth had deepened. He looked like a man fighting a deadly temptation—indeed, I had my first glimpse then of conflicting human passions, and it was not a pleasant sensation. His eyes, with their strange expression, seemed to mesmerise Lilith, for she put down her hands and raised her own to his, and, like one in a dream, she whispered—but even then it was questioningly:

"Harry, is it that you do not love me?"

"Yes," he said, "it is that—I do not love you."

* * * * *

We were back at Willwanda, and had resumed the even tenor of our lives. Lilith had returned to Sydney, and all the rest of our guests departed their several ways—all except Harry West, who was staying on to help Jack with some surveying work. He lived over at the cottage, and I saw as little of him as possible. I could not forgive him for his cruel conduct to Lilith, for he had certainly showed that he loved her in a thousand ways, I considered.

What she thought on the subject I do not know for I dared not question her; she was apparently more gay and reckless than ever during the few days she was with us after the picnic.

Mr. Stanfield was in high favour again, and only I, who knew her best, saw that the gaiety was forced, and that a new expression had come into Lilith's eyes—the look that tells of a closed page in the book of life, filled with bitter regret and lost illusions.

I only hoped that the contrast of Maughan Stanfield's whole-hearted devotion would appeal to her, and that time, the healer, would obliterate the wound her love and self-respect had received. As for Mr. West, he rode out in all weathers, and went about with Jack to the farthest boundaries in a manner very little consistent for a man who owned to bad health, and a "life that hung by a thread."

He had not acted so recklessly before his trip to the Bunyas, and I could only think the man was thoroughly false in every way, and I wondered at Jack's infatuation, although in those pre-Bunya days I had been obliged to acknowledge that he possessed a charm of manner all his own.

One night we were sitting out on the lawn after tea, watching Susie play with Stella in the patch of light that came through the open doors. The mailman arrived that evening, and we were talking over various items of news in our letters, as is the custom of the Bush. It was not a pleasant night, for the rainy season was coming, and a rising wind, full of eerie voices and shrieks and sighs, was making the dark night dismal. Above the sough and sob of the twisted boughs of the Norfolk pines I heard the garden gate slam, and Charlie Lee came tearing up the gravelled drive. By the lamp-light I could see that his face was white and scared.

"You are wanted at the quarters, sir," he panted. "West has fallen down; there's something wrong."

Jack sprang up and was across the creek in a minute. I followed quickly, and reached the door of the cottage dining-room in time to see the crowd of men part to let Jack through to his friend. He lay just where he had fallen, beside the table where he had been reading the weekly papers. I knelt down and touched one of his sun-browned hands. It was still limp and warm, but one glance at the handsome livid face was enough to tell me that Harry West's soul had fled to its Maker on the wings of the wailing wind.

"Oh, poor chap," cried Jack, brokenly; "and I thought he was better; he had knocked about so much lately. Heart disease"—in answer to a question. "Yes, of course, but I had no idea he was so bad. Here, Lee, help me lift him on to the sofa, we may bring him round yet."

But I knew that he was dead, and I mechanically stopped as I passed the table and rapidly glanced at the papers he had been reading a moment or two before. What caught my eye at once was the simple announcement of the marriage of Lilith and Maughan Stanfield.

So he had lied to her, after all, that day by the waterfall. I saw it all now, and in years to come Lilith knew also, but she, as a happy wife and mother, has forgiven long ago.

He Caught It All the Same.

"You've been fishing again on a Sunday," said the stern parent. "Suppose you come with me now to the bedroom."

"Father," protested the bright youth, "I hope you intend to make the punishment fit the crime."

"That is my intention."

"Well, father, the crime amounted to two nibbles. I didn't catch a thing."

BOBBY was spending the afternoon at his aunt's, and for some moments had been gazing out of the window in a painfully thoughtful sort of way.

"What makes you so serious, Bobby?" asked his aunt.

"Why, ma told me that I must remember not to ask for anything to eat; and I am trying to remember it."

Silenced Him.

A SHREWD-LOOKING individual stood in front of a jeweller's window, gazing at a peculiar sort of clock. The affable shopman was standing in the doorway.

"That's a funny clock," said the man. "What do you call it?"

"A spring lever chronometer," was the reply, "and it will run for four hundred days without winding."

"A very long time!" exclaimed the man. Then he said quizzically: "I say, how long do you suppose it would go if you were to wind it?"

JINKS: "I tell you what it is, there is nothing like having lots of friends."

Winks: "I presume not."

Jinks: "No, sirree. As quick as I lose a job my friends all rush round hunting a new place for me so as to save me the trouble of borrowing money from them."

Why Soldiers Carry Sticks.

WHEN Cronje surrendered and his sword was taken from him, according to the custom of war, he made up for the material loss of the weapon by sporting a thick club-stick of large dimensions. This idea he got from our officers at the front, who, when in undress uniform, usually carry small, smart-looking canes; but as he was a general, while the officers he saw carrying canes were those mostly of subordinate rank, he came to the conclusion that an officer of his rank should have something bigger and more tangible than a mere delicate stick, hence his appearance one day with a huge club in his hand, a large, unwieldy, heavy-looking stick, as strong as the leg of a dining table.

The British soldier carries a stick as a set-off against slouching, as many civilians do who carry nothing in their hands. Privates generally carry light canes, non-commissioned officers fairly stout sticks, and officers go in for the more expensive and showy kind—but all soldiers of the Queen carry sticks.

It is a question that has often been asked in barracks—who first suggested it? Nobody knows. From time immemorial drill-sergeants have carried sticks, and drum-majors too, and possibly the practice first emanated from that fact.

Soldiers nearly always have to buy the canes, or "swaggers," as they are called. Some regiments provide sticks for the men, but if you lose the first you then have to buy the second and subsequent ones.

It is in the regulations to carry canes, and when a soldier goes out—that is, in walking-out order—the guard at the barrack-gates would challenge him if he didn't have a stick.

A soldier one day couldn't find his cane, and knowing that he would be challenged if he didn't have something in his hand, he passed through the gates all right with a poker in his fist.

Some regiments—the Rifles, for instance—have canes with the badge of the regiment stamped on the head.

SNAPSHOTS AT EASTBOURNE.

A PRIZE of £2 2s. will be given for the best photograph of any scene at Eastbourne which is received by the Editor not later than June 25th.

We do not want merely a photograph of a building, or a pier or promenade with no one on them. What we want is a characteristic scene. For example, in taking a view of a promenade, it would often be possible to take some fishermen beside their boats; when taking a photograph of the sands, some children bathing or playing in the water might be included; or when taking a photograph of the cliffs at Beachy Head, either some people climbing the cliffs might be taken or part of the sea with a boat on it could be included in the photograph.

The copyright of all photographs sent in for this competition is to become the property of the Editor. More than one photograph may be sent by any competitor, and his best will be used in the competition.

CAN LUNATICS LEARN LESSONS?

CERTAINLY THEY CAN, AND IN MANY CASES IT CURES THEM.

THE welfare and treatment of the mentally afflicted is a subject that must appeal very strongly to all of us, and in view of the fact that lunacy has of late years increased rather than diminished, it will not surely be out of place to here discuss a subject that may, if followed up, lead to the improvement of many a "mind diseased."

Occupation, no matter what form it may assume, is one of the most important measures in the treatment of the insane, and this is a truism that has been utilised to the full in many of the great asylums in Europe and America.

To an Irishman, Dr. Lalor, must be accredited the honour of having put on foot the system of treating persons mentally afflicted in the same way as small children, and it was the Richmond District Lunatic Asylum at Dublin, the scene of the late Dr. Lalor's labours, that *P.W.* visited some time ago, to discover whether the question that forms the heading of this article could be answered in the affirmative or negative.

At the time of the visit there were some four hundred and fifty male patients in the asylum, and of these four hundred were admitted to the classes that were given by the school teachers.

Certain of the patients were employed in the garden and in out-of-door pursuits, but the greater number attended school on three evenings in the week for an hour after supper. Masonry, farm-work, tailoring, basket-making, joinery, shoe-making, and many other industries were carried on, and a very few were either physically incapable or absolutely incurable—nearly every patient in the asylum was engaged either in the school or industrial exercises, or both.

The system with the unfortunate inmates was of the simplest kind, and object-teaching was the plan most in favour for instructing the most simple ones.

For example, a piece of cork would be handed to one of the pupils, and the teacher would ask him to give its name and uses, and to find out by experiments whether it was tough, or brittle, or transparent, and so on. Then the class would be asked some simple questions, and every now and then it would be brought home to one that even among the insane was humour and appreciation of humour.

For instance, an Irish patient was asked the uses of glass. He promptly remarked:

"To make whisky-glasses, sorr!"

In other classes, more advanced reading, writing, arithmetic, and geography were taught, while music occupies a very important place in the system, and abundant proof exists that the effect of music is extraordinary, and proves of interest to the worst afflicted.

Hand in hand with music go drilling and marching, and thus even the most lethargically inclined—for lunacy induces inertness—could be constrained to take exercise, a thing of the utmost importance from the health point of view, and it was astonishing to see with what accuracy and smartness the most intricate evolutions were gone through, proof conclusive that in this department, at least, the diseased brains could be taught to assert themselves.

To complete the system a number of patients are told off as monitors, to keep records and look after the others, a system that has worked splendidly, as it has made all feel, if perhaps vaguely, that they are one community, members of a common guild and brotherhood.

One thing noticed especially in the asylum was the gratifying absence of that gloomy monotony which is too frequently allowed to pervade life in such institutions.

As a proof that the school did—still does, for that matter—do good, a case was brought to *P.W.'s* notice; that of a woman, who was a confirmed melancholiac with the delusion that she was the legal wife of the Tsar of Russia, and wrongfully kept from her Imperial husband's side.

This poor lady would at times make the wards resound with her cries, but the moment she was put into the class and a book given her, she became so absorbed in her work that she quite forgot her delusions. Surely this instance alone—and it is not an isolated case—should convince everybody that the system is so efficacious that it ought to be adopted everywhere.

As might be expected, the best results of the system are to be found among the young. One case was that of a young girl who was sent to the asylum when twelve years of age as incurable. She was unable to read or write, and, indeed, seemed but a little removed from an animal.

She was put into the school, and, after almost endless difficulty, was taught to read and write. She then began to display new traits of intelligence, and in five years from the day on which she was admitted to the institution was discharged, perfectly sane.

Another patient in the asylum was the terror of the ward she was in. But when she went to school she became tractable at once, though her irritability broke out anew when she returned to the ward, and it was only her fear of not being allowed to go to the school that kept her at all tractable.

A novel which will be read with pleasure by everyone who has friends at the front is "An Imperial Light Horseman."

Questions Worth Answering.

Half-a-crown is paid for every Question used, and Replies at the rate of two guineas a column.

REPLIES.

5049. Which Tribe or Race Lives Nearest to the North Pole?

The most northerly people in the world are a tribe discovered by Sir John Ross in 1818. They live along the coast of Greenland, above Melville Bay, between 75deg. N. and 79deg. N. Their extreme north settlement is at Ita (or Etah), on Foulke Fiord, on the south they extend to Cape York. They are a very small tribe, not much more than 200 in number. They call themselves "Innuit," and were not acquainted with the name Eskimo, which indeed was originally only a nickname, meaning "raw fish eaters," given by the Algonquin Indian to certain northern tribes. Sir John Ross called the tribe the "Arctic Highlanders," but this is a misnomer, for they inhabit the shore, and never go inland. If they wished to do so they could not, because of the enormous icefields of the interior. These Innuit are typical Eskimos; their faces are of the Mongolian type; and it is probable that they came from North America, and that they may have been in their present country many hundred years. They are intelligent and good-natured, and remarkably fond of their children. They believe in one God, and are monogamous. Their food consists of the flesh of marine animals, and of foxes and birds, and, at some parts of the year, of birds' eggs. They dress in furs. In winter they wear underclothing of bird-skins, with the feathers inwards. During the winter they live in arched huts of snow or stone, during the summer in leathern tents. They have dogs and sledges and spears, and bows and arrows, and knives of meteoric iron, and use oil lamps of stone.

5050. Why are the Branches of Trees so Irregularly Arranged?

The stems of trees have provision for a symmetrical arrangement of branches, the nodes, or points where the buds are produced, being placed at regular intervals. This tendency towards symmetry is, however, interfered with by several disturbing causes, internal and external. The most important of the former is the varying degree of vigour in the buds, which behave like distinct plants, some of them growing into strong branches, while others produce comparatively small shoots. Even if all buds were of equal vitality, regularity would not result. Many of the buds and tender shoots are devoured by birds, insects, or squirrels. When of larger size, branches are often torn away by high winds, blasted by lightning, or broken off by accident. A tree will sometimes grow into an irregular form through the pressure of prevailing winds. Trees on our western coasts acquire in this way a twist towards the north-east. Overcrowding in plantations and forests also destroys symmetry by partial exclusion of sunlight, so that growth is very irregular in both vigour and direction. This irregularity has also its use. In a gale of wind it will be observed that the branches sway in all directions, and the various movements counterbalance each other. If the branches were arranged with perfect regularity, they would all sway together, and the leverage would be so great that the tree might often be uprooted or broken off short.

5056. What Colonial Enterprise was most Disastrous to Scotland?

The Darien Scheme. The great object of the proposed colonisation of the Isthmus of Darien, which had been promoted by William Paterson the founder of the Bank of England, was to carry out the original plan of Columbus, and to connect Europe, for commercial purposes, with the East Indies across the western ocean. Paterson, having obtained an Act forming the Darien Company in 1695, so completely deluded the Scotch people by his promises of fabulous wealth to be derived from the enterprise that all prudence was cast to the winds. The deadliness of the climate, the inadequacy of resources, and the certain hostility of France and Spain were utterly ignored, whilst the fierce opposition of England only tended to increase the infatuation. About £220,000 was subscribed—an enormous sum for so poor a country as Scotland was—and 1,200 colonists set sail from Leith, July 25th, 1698. They landed, after difficulty, on the Isthmus in November of the same year, and founded New Edinburgh. But within a few months disease, and the attacks of the Spaniards, compelled the survivors to retire to New England. The voyage was even more horrible than the disasters on land, and very few lived to reach New York. Meanwhile a second contingent of 1,300 left Scotland in August, 1699. Hoping to find a settled and flourishing colony, they were worse equipped than the first. The end soon came. Disease quickly carried off one fourth of the fresh settlers, and the appearance of a Spanish fleet compelled the remainder to come to terms. They were allowed to quit the Isthmus in April, 1700, and the majority of those who escaped shipwreck were glad to hire themselves out to the planters of Jamaica. Of the 2,500 who left Scotland, very few regained their native land.

5051. What are Singing Mountains?

Singing mountains are those which are known to give out musical sounds when trodden by man, or when played upon by the wind. This phenomenon is due to the presence of a particular sand which is found in many parts of the world. The musical sound is believed to be due to the rubbing together of millions of grains of this perfectly clear sand, which have no irregularities or roughness, and no adherent matter attached to them. A famous example of a singing mountain is that of the Gebel-Nakus or "Mountain of the Bell," near the Red Sea. Its notes vary from those of a deep, mellow church bell to those of an Æolian harp. A similar mountain is found in the midst of Pyramid Lake, Nevada. Here, in certain states of the weather, the sound produced by the action of the wind on the ground is like the jangling of countless silver bells, ending with a loud strain like the low notes of a pedal organ. The mountain known as El Bramador, or "the Roarer," in Chili, which Darwin refers to, gives out a curious sound of this character when people walk upon it.

5052. When was the Dining Bell First Used?

Bells as a means of calling people together have been in use from the earliest ages. We know that they figured in the festivals of Isis, in ancient Egypt, were used in the responses of ancient oracles, and were worn on the border of the garments of the Jewish High Priests. Bronze hand-bells were found by Layard in the ruins of the palace of Nimrod. They were used in the camps and garrisons of the Greeks to call the troops together, no doubt at meal times as well as on other occasions. The Romans also were in the habit of using them; it is said to be from their occurrence in basilicas and heathen temples that they came to be so extensively adopted in Christian churches. It is obvious, then, that all such uses for bells as summoning to dinner, to church, or to school, have arisen from the convenience of thus calling people together from a distance.

5055. Is a Ton Weight of Pennies Equal in Nominal Value to a Ton Weight of Halfpennies?

A bronze penny weighs 145·8333grs., while a halfpenny weighs a good deal more than half this, viz., 87·5000grs. The consequence is that while a ton of pence is nominally worth £448, an equal weight of halfpence is nominally worth only £373 6s. 8d. The halfpenny is larger than it would be if it weighed exactly half of what a penny weighs. This increase of relative size is convenient for use and circulation. It must be remembered that these bronze coins are not actually worth as metal as much as they are worth as coins. They are merely tokens, representing 1-240th, 1-480th of a pound respectively. The value, for instance, of a penny or of a halfpenny, as metal, is about one quarter of its face value.

5053. How is it that Australian Sovereigns Frequently have a More Yellow Appearance than those Coined in England?

Gold in its pure state is too soft for coins in circulation. But a very slight admixture of certain other metals renders it sufficiently hard for such constant wear. For this reason English gold coins are made of a mixture of eleven-twelfths gold and one-twelfth alloy. The best metals for use as alloys with gold are silver and copper. In our English mint copper has long been the only alloy used, but in the Melbourne mint silver was for a time used with or instead of copper, and it is this admixture of silver that gives some Australian sovereigns their noticeably lighter colour. Silver is, however, no longer used in Australia as an alloy for gold coins, the yellow sovereigns already in circulation are rapidly disappearing, as it pays to melt them down. Gold for use as plate and jewellery has also to be alloyed with some other metal, and the varying shades of gold jewellery are due to the differing proportions adopted. The proportion of gold to alloy is indicated by the use of the word "carat." Thus 24-carat gold is pure gold; 22-carat gold is a mixture of twenty-two parts of gold and two of alloy, 18-carat gold a mixture of eighteen parts of gold and six parts of alloy.

5056. What is the Longest Interval that has Elapsed in this Country between a Sentence of Death and Consequent Execution?

Fifteen years. This was the period which elapsed between the sentence and execution of Sir Walter Raleigh. In November, 1603, Sir Walter Raleigh was tried at Winchester and condemned to death, mainly on the evidence of Cobham, who declared he had been engaged in the plot to place Arabella Stuart on the throne instead of James I. In reality James had taken a dislike to Elizabeth's able courtier, and was determined to clear him out of the way. Not daring to carry out the capital punishment when he found there was a great popular outcry against it, he commuted Raleigh's sentence to imprisonment. Thrown into the Tower, Sir Walter devoted himself to chemical experiments and literary work. In 1616 he was released, at the intercession of Villiers, to visit a gold mine which he said existed near the Orinoco. As a security that he would not encroach upon the King of Spain's property, or otherwise misbehave himself, he was to remain unpardoned, so that his life might still be at the King's mercy. The expedition turned out badly; the mine, if it really existed, was never reached, and Raleigh, having had a sharp fight with the Spaniards and burnt one of their settlements, returned to England a broken and ruined man. He was brought before the Privy Council, who decided against him, and he was executed October 29th, 1618, on his old sentence of 1603.

5058. What was the Origin of the Rule that a Jury shall not be Allowed Refreshment without Special Leave?

There are two theories as to the origin of this rule. One is to be found in the "Doctor and Student," published in the reign of Henry VIII. It is there said to have been necessary to place the supply of food and drink to jurors under the control of the judge, as such refreshments were previously supplied by the parties, which did much to increase the chances of corrupt verdicts. A good illustration of the proverb that, "The nearest way to a man's heart is through his mouth," is afforded by this precaution and its cause. This theory, however, Mr. Forsyth, in his "History of Trial by Jury," declares to be erroneous, and he gives the following explanation as correct: "It arose, no doubt, from the propensity of our ancestors to indulge in excess at their meals, and was dictated by a fear lest jurors should, if they had access, when empanelled, to food and drink, become incapacitated from a due discharge of their duty. The first mention of the rule occurs, I believe, in 'Fleta,' which was written in the reign of Edward I., and it is there said that the Sheriff is to cause the jurors, in an Assise, to be kept *sine cibo et potu* (without food or drink), until they are agreed." This rule only applies to juries in criminal trials.

QUESTIONS.

5061. What word in the English language owes its origin to a wager?
5062. In which kind of bird is the social instinct most highly developed?
5063. Is there any flower which changes colour as the day advances?
5064. Does any bird make a nest which it can move from place to place?
5065. Which is the oldest obelisk in the world?
5066. Which is the largest aerolite that has ever fallen on the earth?
5067. Within what limits of temperature is animal life possible?
5068. What is the average height of the whole human race?
5069. Which kind of machine has brought about the greatest economy of labour?
5070. Which is the most densely populated city in England?

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive from our readers replies to any of the questions asked here. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print the best reply to each question, and shall pay at the rate of two guineas a column for all matter printed. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries, whether his own or not. Envelopes should be marked "Replies" in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Monday of the week following that for which the paper is dated. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given where possible. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

"How did the ink get all over this table?" asked a mother of her little daughter.

"It run out all by its own self, quick as the bottle was upset," was the child's reply.

HE: "One kiss is worth a hundred letters."
SHE: "Oh, you're very sentimental."
HE: "Oh, no. The kiss, you know, can't be introduced in a breach of promise suit."

WILLIE'S MAMMA: "I hear you have been fighting with one of those boys next door and given him a black eye."
Willie: "Yessem. You see, they's twins, and I wanted some way to tell 'em apart."

MRS. PERKINS (on a visit to the draper's): "I will take this."
Clerk (to assistant, in a loud voice): "Cash!"
MRS. PERKINS: "Look here, young man, you needn't shout at me like that! Can't you give me time to take out my purse?"

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Why Britons are Patriotic.

AND WHY GERMANS AND FRENCHMEN ARE NOT.

IF you were to put the above question to any average Frenchman or German, the answer you would receive, in nine cases out of ten, would be decidedly in the negative. It is only by going to the countries themselves that you will discover the real truth.

"The private soldier has no will of his own." This is the ominous sentence that is placed at the beginning of the "Handbook of the German Army," yet the mere reader of the words can have but little idea of the true significance of the statement.

It is the proud boast of every good German—I do not mean one of the 40,000 naturalised British subjects who live in London—that the German army is the finest fighting "machine" in the world. You will hear it said on every side in Germany that the discipline and the *morale* of the huge fighting force the Empire can command is as nearly perfect as can be. So it is—at sight. It is only when you probe beneath the surface that you discover that the "machine" is not everything.

There is remarkably little real patriotism in Germany or France—patriotism, that is to say, according to our standard.

This may seem a bold statement. It is undoubtedly true. The German and the Frenchman must bow the knee to the god of militarism. Therefore they loudly scoff at our volunteer system, so as to hide the envy they feel in their hearts for the freedom of which they may never taste the joys unless they renounce their country.

"*Vive la France! Vive l'armée!*" cries the Frenchman, yet that cry was raised in the Franco-German war again and again, though it did not prevent numerous officers falling at Gravelotte, Mars-la-Tour, Sedan, shot in the back by their own men, whose personal hatred against the leaders who had tyrannised over them swamped every other consideration. Their lips cried patriotism mechanically, their hearts refused to answer to the cry.

"How would you like it?" said a young German, who was serving his year in the conscript army of the Fatherland, to *P.W.* "Put yourself in my place. I am a gentleman. Yet I am forced to consort with men of an inferior caste, while the officers in direct command of me are not, and have no pretensions to be gentlemen, and are, therefore, all the more eager to inflict annoyances upon me. I am forced to do menial work, and if I make a mistake, as I must do, sometimes, I am rated and reviled in the coarsest language."

Then he grew confidential.

"Shall I tell you what happened to one of our non-commissioned officers in the manœuvres last year. He was a beast. All the men in my regiment loathed him. One day, the soles of his boots were cut to ribbons. He had to march all day in those boots over terribly rough ground. It must have given him awful agony. The next day we filled his forage cap with mud! Ha, ha! We paid him out then, the brute!"

Let us examine the German system of voluntary service, as it is euphemistically called.

Everyone knows that each man—unless medically unfit—is supposed to serve two years. This term can be reduced by a half if you have sufficient education to pass an examination somewhat similar to our Oxford and Cambridge Locals. This passed, you are no longer a common soldier, but a "one-year volunteer."

Now let us compare the Teuton "volunteer" with his British fellow.

In the first place, the German is compelled to be a volunteer—a paradox indeed! He must provide his own uniform, and board and lodge himself. Weapons and ammunition are provided by the State, and, if he cares to open his purse again, he may requisition the services of a common soldier as boot-cleaner and servant generally.

If our "volunteer" joins a cavalry regiment, he must, in addition, pay about £20 a year for his horse, with food and stabling fees extra. Thus, to serve in the cavalry as a volunteer, you must be possessed of at least three or four hundred pounds a year.

A certain young fellow was left by his father £500. This was his all. Yet he entered a crack corps of Uhlans and for his year of glorious service ran up a bill of some £700. He is now repenting his military ardour in sackcloth and ashes, and—to emphasize his patriotism—under the British flag.

Some time ago *P.W.* met a young German, who was possessed of a certain amount of money, and who had not the inclination to serve his time as a soldier. Did he bow the head to his country's call, and sacrifice his personal dislikes to the patriotism that was supposed to envelope him? Oh, dear, no! He took out papers of naturalisation in England, and is now a full-blooded English citizen. Nor is this an isolated case.

There are thousands of young Germans in the United Kingdom at the present moment who have become naturalised Britons, simply and solely to avoid serving in the German army.

When they are taxed with this they readily admit it, and argue that were the same military system as they escape in vogue in this country, we should find young Englishmen leaving for foreign countries for exactly the same purpose.

Exactly, their patriotism would be dead—and conscription would have killed it.

The Whistling Boy.

A MERCHANT went in the summer time
To a pleasant, peaceful, pastoral clime
Where the roadways ribboned the acres through,
And the fruit of the farmer's labours grew.

His senses woke to a measure new,
A hallowing peace did his mind imbue,
And he paused as he felt its benefice
Like a spirit passed to the realms of bliss.

As there he stood in the bowered way,
He caught the notes of a happy lay
That came from a lad in the cornfield wide,
Who whistled the while his hoe he plied.

He watched the boy as from hill to hill
He swung the hoe with a sturdy will,
And the harder he worked, the fuller vent
He gave to his lip's accompaniment.

"Ah, there," said the merchant, by impulse bade,
"Is a son of man whom work makes glad."
Then he went to the boy in the tattered blouse
And engaged him to work in his counting-house.

The youth took hold with industry grim.
But he brought his whistle along with him,
And in just two days the charm gave o'er,
And the whistler was kicked through the office door.

Getting the Crowd's Attention.

A CROWD had begun to gather in the market-square of the little town.

Apparently the man, an entire stranger, had never tried to ride a bucking horse before.

The animal threw down its head, elevated its hind legs, and wriggled backwards.

Then it reversed the process.

Still the man, with a look of desperation on his face, hung on.

"I bet a sovereign the beast throws him!" exclaimed a voice.

There were no takers.

The maddened animal meanwhile continued to jump, while the rider, with firmly-set jaws and gleaming eyeballs, still hung on with the energy of desperation.

Presently the animal began to tire.

Its lunges became less impassioned.

"I bet a sovereign the man wins!" exclaimed the same voice.

No takers. The horse was conquered.

"Gentlemen," said the rider after he had recovered his breath, "it may surprise you to learn that—this is the first time I ever tried to master a horse.

"It is commonly supposed to require a great deal of skill and a long course of previous practice. It may occur to you, perhaps, that I have done it for a bet. Nothing could be further from the truth—whoa, you wretch! Stand still!

"To subdue a bucking horse, gentlemen, necessitates neither skill nor previous preparation. The process is so simple that I hesitate to mention it. It consists solely in the use of a device—if device it may be called—by which I am enabled to remain in the saddle, no matter how hard the animal tries to throw me.

"You noticed, doubtless, that I never left the saddle, I sat in this saddle as if I had grown to it. Well, gentlemen, I had.

"Before I mounted this animal, now so meek and abject, I applied to my trousers a small quantity of liquid glue. A few minutes only were required to harden it thoroughly, and it would take the combined strength of several men now to drag me off this wretched ruin of a once proud horse, unless the girth or my trousers should give way.

"Now, understand me, friends, I do not recommend the use of liquid glue in horseback riding as a usual thing. I have only used it in this instance as an object lesson, to show you the remarkable adhesive qualities of this preparation, which I manufacture myself, and call Holdum's Celebrated Sticktight. It is put up in bottles of two different sizes, retailing respectively at sixpence and one shilling, and remember that I guarantee each and every bottle.

"I am now going to my lodgings, which are in a quiet street not far away, where I have this unequalled preparation for sale, and where you will see me make an effort to separate myself from this poor creature, in which effort I shall probably fail."

And he rode away, followed by the entire crowd.

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SIGNALLING AT SEA BY NIGHT.

THE LATEST METHOD CONSISTS OF DOING IT WITH FIREWORKS.

IN the old days it was a mariner's belief that all signals to be effectual must be simple, but that was yesterday; to-day the case is different.

From the many beautiful combinations invented by Mr. Pain, the famous maker of fireworks, it would appear that that simplicity once demanded by the old salt in respect of signals used at sea, is a thing of the past, for signalling at sea is now accommodated with that picturesqueness associated with the pyrotechnic art.

Ten years ago and more it occurred to the firm named to bring out an entirely new system of signalling at sea by night, and they brought it before the notice of the leading British and American steamship companies, who adopted it at once. To-day, the pyrotechnic system is general, and not only with the marine world of Great Britain, but with that also of America.

Every British ship leaving a British port must, by the regulations of the marine department of the Board of Trade, carry a certain supply of signals for distress and other purposes, these consisting of rockets, blue lights, detonators, and so forth—in all, about a hundred pieces; but it is left to the discretion of the various companies and owners to carry on board their vessels any other kind of signals, either for private use, or, as we have said, for signalling at night.

Up to the time of the creation of the newer system, there was no recognised or organised method for noting ships that passed in the night, so that it was a difficult matter for officials stationed at points along the coasts of the various seas to determine the name and owners of a vessel as she passed, but now, if you were standing by the side of a Lloyd's agent, say at the Lizard, and in the black night out at sea you distinguished a blue light, followed by a Roman candle throwing five blue balls, the agent would at once tell you that that signal was shown by a Donald Currie boat; or, if you saw a blue light fore, red light amidships, blue light aft, and two rockets throwing blue, red, and green balls simultaneously, the same officer would tell you that that was the signal of a boat of the American line.

The law does not compel a ship's owner to carry such signals, but their practicability is so palpable that very few owners have failed to register their own peculiar private signals, and to insure correctness this pyrotechnic system of signalling at sea is duly recognised by the authorities of the Board of Trade.

Although the law is not so very strict in the matter of a ship carrying explosives for signalling in time of distress, yet, so far as London outward and homeward ships are concerned, neither the Thames Conservancy nor the dock authorities will allow a ship to sail up or down the Thames this side of Gravesend, or put into any of the docks, if she have these distress signals on board, as the bye-laws of the one and the other authority forbid the presence of explosives on board a vessel, while within their jurisdiction, so to meet the exigencies of the case, there is a floating magazine off Gravesend, whose office it is to receive from incoming ships their balance of explosive signals, and to give out fresh stock to outgoing ships.

At Liverpool and other ports, the restrictions are less exacting.

The efforts of the well-known pyrotechnic firm in devising a pretty form of signalling by a succession of firework combinations which are endless in their variety, have met with distinct success.

Some of the signals of the steamship lines are extremely effective. The Prince Line (Newcastle), for instance, adopt a red light amidships, followed by two Roman candles, one each fore and aft, discharging five green balls, while the Dominion line (Liverpool) boats show a candle throwing six red stars at intervals of five seconds.

If you were out on the open sea, and in the darkness discerned in the distance, lighting up the horizon, a pyrotechnic candle throwing red balls, followed by a white flame, then two red balls in succession, followed by a white flame and ending with the shooting skywards of a red ball, you might readily mistake it for a show of fireworks on distant land, but in reality it would only be the signalling of a Morel Brothers boat, Cardiff.

The Allan line boats when on the high seas show three pretty blue lights in the mizzen rigging in the form of a triangle, while the Hamburg-American liners burn at their stern three Roman candles, each throwing seven stars.

When off Browhead and Queenstown harbour, the Cunarders, if they wish to signal, show a blue light and send up two rockets, with golden stars fired in quick succession, but when on the high seas show a blue light, and burn two Roman candles, each throwing out six blue balls.

The Union Steamship Company (Southampton) have a very pretty combination. It is a green light, followed by a Roman candle, six green balls, and afterwards six red balls.

While the information such signalling affords is invaluable to the shipping world, the expenses incurred is trifling, the cost for a supply of the fireworks employed for the purpose ranging from seven to ten pounds per voyage.

The novel of the hour is "An Imperial Light Horseman." Price 6s.

LABOUR REIGNS OF TERROR!

WHERE STRIKERS SMASH TRAM-CARS WITH PAVING STONES, AND SOLDIERS RIDE ON ENGINES TO PROTECT THE TRAIN.

IN the United States when great labour questions come up to be solved and fought, the labouring element ever seem ready to resort to the argument of firearms, and for this reason most great strikes there, before they are eventually settled, become riots that have disastrous results, ending usually in bloodshed.

As may be remembered, the great strike at the Carnegie Steel Works in Pittsburgh some years ago at one time almost took on the proportion of a siege, when several soldiers, and strikers as well, gave up their lives in several exchanges of pistol and rifle volleys.

But the strikes that for violence and frequency are mostly to be dreaded, especially as they endanger the lives and property of unoffending citizens, are those of the employers of the tram lines of the large cities.

The causes of such strikes are generally, as is the case with nearly all strikers, ungranted demands for either shorter hours, increase of pay, or both; and the only reason these strikers will ever listen to when once they have quit work is the full granting of these concessions in full, towards the accomplishment of which end there are very few things they will stop at.

If one has ever witnessed one of these strikes they will readily understand why city policemen in the United States always go armed, and carry with them long and heavy truncheons.

When such strikes are declared, and the conductors, drivers, and motormen find their employers unwilling to meet them half way, their first object is always to "tie up" the line, not only for the purpose of bringing the capitalists to terms through the loss of their daily gains, but also to threaten them with repeal of their franchises, which demand that each tram company continually have running over their lines at least three or more cars for passengers.

As a sort of preliminary move, to show how determined they are, the strikers arm themselves with clubs, bricks, stones, and all sorts of missiles, and then by intimidating their drivers hurriedly capture such heavy waggons as may pass over the tracks, by preference brewery ones heavily laden with beer barrels, and removing their horses and wheels leave them helpless there as obstructionists.

Of course, large squads of burly policemen, armed as has already been stated with revolvers and truncheons, are stationed all along the route on the look-out for just such attempts, but though they frustrate many, and make innumerable arrests, the strikers do not stand in any too great awe of them, and when interfered with will send showers of missiles in their direction, stones, sticks, clubs, anything they can lay their hands on; and sometimes they shoot!

Passengers riding in the trams at such times do so at the risk of their lives, for not only is every car that passes, notwithstanding its being under the protection of two or more policemen, also bombarded with such missiles from the crowds of strikers in the streets, shattering glass, woodwork and heads indiscriminately, but on some occasions, the men being driven to desperate straits, have been known to hurl large paving blocks and massive flagstones down on the top of the cars from the roofs of houses, to their utter demolition, and without the least consideration for the lives of any passengers who may happen to be inside.

When one considers that such happenings transpire right in the hearts of such large cities as New York, Chicago, and Buffalo, they can in a measure appreciate why some of the more timid inhabitants hardly dare show their faces out of doors while strikes are in progress.

Other strikes, that take on even a more desperate character sometimes, are those of the employés of the great railways in the United States. The strikers sometimes take up rails for miles, shoot engineers and conductors with shotguns and pistols, capture engines, and start them without any guiding hand to go crashing into freight yards and stations, and no end of other extremes of violence.

On one or two occasions, as has also been the case with the tramway strikers in the cities, the strikers have gone so far as to use dynamite to blow up cars, round houses, and portions of the railway line.

As soon as ever strikers begin to destroy property, and police forces prove insufficient, the state authorities call out the militia to protect it; but so fiercely in late years have these militia been opposed, that in several instances up-to-date regular troops have been called upon to assist the militia.

During such times one views the spectacle of a train coming into a station after moving along at the slow rate of about ten miles an hour, so as not to run foul of places where the rails may have been pulled up, with say from six to ten soldiers with loaded guns and fixed bayonets perched on different parts of the engine, soldiers on the tops and on the platforms of all cars, and frequently a squad or more in the baggage truck.

Viewing it in the light of a spectator, this is sometimes inclined to be picturesque, but also, rather terrifying.

NOVEL NOTIONS.

AN invention has been patented for coating cardboard with a composition that will make the surface suitable for use as a school slate. The composition is made up of alcohol, gum, emery powder, lampblack and Prussian blue, the liquids, together with the other substances, forming a varnish.

A FRENCHMAN has invented a new method of launching boats from ships at sea. A long arm is hinged to the vessel at the top of the bulwark; a concave plate, attached to the other end of the arm, carries the boat. To launch the boat the arm is lowered, and as the plate is also hinged it keeps the boat in proper position until it reaches the water.

COLORADO is taking the initiative in the State control of marriages; a Bill is to be introduced, enacting that the granting of marriage licenses shall be placed in the hands of a committee of medical examiners and that such licenses shall be granted only to persons above the age of twenty-five and twenty-two—for men and women respectively—who are not blood relations and who are free from certain complaints.

A NEW disease has been added to the list of more than 2,000 to which mankind is liable; this is mountain toothache. The workmen employed in the construction of the railway up the Jungfrau, who have to live at an altitude of 10,000 feet, have been greatly afflicted with toothache and gumboils. The malady resembles a fever in its course, the crisis occurring at the third day; but the disease does not leave any after effects in the form of decayed teeth.

WOOD-PULP is now being used as a dressing by doctors. As a water-dressing it has many advantages, seeing that it holds a lot of water and that evaporation is slow, and as the pulp retains heat it can be used for hot poultices. It can be medicated without affecting the drugs in any way, and has even been used in place of plaster of Paris for setting broken limbs. For the last mentioned purpose it is moulded when wet and then the moisture is evaporated; the pulp sets very hard.

THE new "smoke helmet" for firemen is likely to be of considerable utility. In appearance it is like the ordinary helmet, but it has a leather attachment at the back from which run two air tubes ending at the sides of the fireman's mouth. A current of air is pumped into this arrangement by the engine, and as it emerges from the tubes it blows away the smoke and enables the fireman to penetrate places where he would otherwise be suffocated. The man thus has a chance of locating the exact point of combustion and can play direct upon it.

CAST steel balls when made require to be examined in order that faulty ones may be cast aside; this examination involves much time and labour, and even then faulty balls are not always detected. A German has devised an apparatus for testing them in accordance with physical laws. The balls are placed on the top of a cylinder in which works a piston rod; each ball is struck with the same force by the rod and falls on an inclined surface; at the end of this plane it strikes against an impact surface. If a ball is perfect it will have enough elasticity to rebound beyond a fixed barrier, but if it is imperfect it has an inferior degree of elasticity and falls short. All balls which do not pass the barrier may safely be rejected as faulty.

INVENTIVE genius is ever on the look out for ideas, even in those directions which appear most unlikely. An American, pondering recently on the destruction of the *Maine*, saw in it an idea for a new toy. He constructed a battleship of wood and cardboard, with detachable guns, deck and other parts. Secured to the bottom of the deck, within the hull, is a small powder receptacle provided with a percussion-cap holder. A strong spring is secured to a support within the hull, its free end being held in a catch to which a cord is secured. Upon pulling the cord, the spring, released from its catch, flies up, strikes the percussion cap, and produces an explosion which completely demolishes the vessel. However, the ship can be put together again very quickly, and both the explosion and the reconstruction afford much amusement to the young hopeful.

THE Incandescent Mantle Remover is the kind of thing that has been wanted ever since the mantle came into general use. It is a light and handy little instrument fashioned out of wire and provided with a stand; it has a ring in the centre through which to place the forefinger, and the cross-piece at the top is shaped like a prong. When you wish to fix a new mantle, you remove the top lid from the mantle box, withdraw the thread, then, holding the remover in one hand and the box in the other, you catch the hooks under the loop of the mantle and gently draw it out of the box. With the mantle thus hanging on the remover it is far easier to fix the delicate appliance in position, and the risk of breakage is nullified. If you wish to remove a mantle that has been in use—as you sometimes do in order to clean the burner—you have only to pass the prong under the loop, lift gently, and then set the remover on the table where it stands with its precious burden until your cleaning operation is finished. The remover is placed on the market by the Incandescent Mantle Remover Co., 39 Moorgate Street, E.C., and the price is sixpence.

HOW RATEPAYERS PAY TWICE FOR IMPROVEMENTS.

FIRST YOU PAY IN RATES AND THEN IN INCREASED RENT.

HAS it ever struck you that ratepayers and the public generally always have to pay at least twice for great improvements? It seems strange, but is certainly a fact, and one which, besides engaging the serious attention of local bodies all over the country, is likely to lead to at least one drastic reform.

Of late years there has been a great revival in local government. Nearly every large town has seen huge efforts made to improve it, and to take over the public supplies. But just as surely as this has resulted in the general improvement of the town it has been invariably found that the inhabitants have to pay not only in rates, but in something else besides.

For instance, Bootle has now a rateable value of £9 per head of the population, the highest in England or Wales. The reason of this is not far to seek. From 1879 onward the progress of the town has been rapid, and the town has raised £330,000 to carry out public improvements.

The result of this is that the town's value has increased enormously, and the single landlord who owns it has raised his rent exactly in proportion as the ratepayers paid to increase the value of his property. Thus while in 1879 the amount of rates in Bootle was £9,000, the ground rents were only £10,000. In 1898 the rates amounted to £94,000, and the ground rents to £100,000.

In this case it can clearly been seen that the ratepayers have paid twice for the improvements executed—once in rates for the Town Council to carry them out, and once again when the landlord's rent rose in consequence.

Liverpool gives an even more striking instance. The ground upon which some of the docks there were built was, but a few decades ago, merely a piece of waste sand in which rabbits burrowed. Needless to say, no rent was paid at all by these, but when the new docks had been erected at public expense, the landlord had to be compensated for this improvement to his property to the tune of £40,000 a year.

One of the worst results of the system is that, more than anything else, it discourages local improvements and remunerative municipal undertakings. Just as the rates fall owing to the incomings from trams and electric lighting, rents rise, and the one person who benefits is the landlord.

In Huddersfield, nearly everything that can be municipalised is now run by the town, and the result is, that while the hundreds of thousands of pounds spent on tramways, water and gas works, electric lighting, sewage works and parks have been well invested, and while they increase the value of the town, the rise in rent has prevented any actual pecuniary benefit to the ratepaper.

In some cases the ratepayers pay, not twice, but three times for improvements, for when any part of a landlord's property is, as for the widening of a street, taken, though the value of the remainder is often enhanced ten times thereby, yet he has to be compensated.

Bootle recently found this when, having paid some thousands of pounds to clear away a slum, the owner demanded over £5,000 per acre—a price he could not possibly have hoped for before his insanitary property had been removed at public expense. As it was, he used the public money to put up his price.

This question of slums and their clearance illustrates better than anything else the way the ratepayer is made to pay twice and thrice under the present system. Before the slum is razed the rates are swelled by the applicants for outdoor relief. Then when the ground has been cleared the rents are increased, and the tenants go elsewhere to make yet another plague spot.

Ten years ago there was quite an interest in slum growing, and landlords positively neglected their property to get compensation for it. Now, however, local authorities are adopting the wiser course of buying and building on vacant land, and so out-competing the slum owners.

Some time ago the London County Council decided to establish and maintain a free ferry at Woolwich, and to place the charge for the same on the rates. The fact that in six years the ferry has carried 30½ millions of passengers proves its success.

But when the Council attempted to buy eleven acres of land they had inspected at Woolwich, before the ferry had been projected, they found the price increased by £3,000, solely on account of the ferry they had themselves established.

This year the corporations of Glasgow and nearly all the Town Councils of Scotland, the over vestries and Town Councils in England have introduced a bill to remedy this defect.

It provides that the landlord shall pay his share towards public improvements by taxing the value of his lands, so that, as the one rises, his contribution to the public purse rises also.

One other result of this reform, which, by the way, has been carried out in nearly all our colonies, would be to give permanent relief to the occupying ratepayer, and places like Rotherhithe, where the rate reaches 8s. 8d. in the pound, would benefit considerably.

A thrilling novel of the war is "An Imperial Light Horseman."

JUGGLING MADE EASY.

HOW JUGGLERS DECEIVE THEIR PATRONS.

AMONG the countless "stars" of the music-hall firmament, few excite so much praise and admiration as the clever juggler. His various balancing feats are apparently so dexterous, and are executed with such gracefulness and ease, that one is almost impelled to applaud at every juncture of his performance. To become an accomplished juggler requires many weary years of constant and unremitting practice; in fact, professional jugglers have often to practice a single trick for several months before they are able to bring it to perfection.

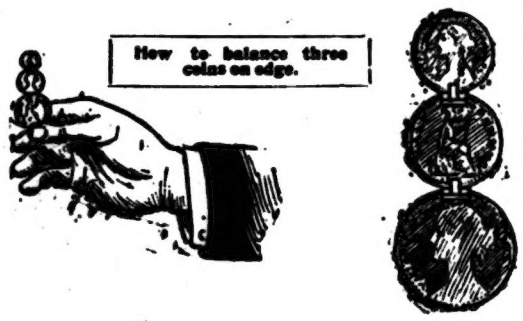
Taking into consideration the difficulty involved, and

the time and patience necessary for producing a new feat in a presentable manner, it is scarcely to be wondered at that trickery is frequently resorted to in order to bring about an apparently wonderful effect with a minimum of trouble, and it is an authentic fact that many of the more effective juggling feats are performed by means of the most ingenious trickery.

A few of the most deceptive juggling tricks are explained in the present article. By carefully reading the explanations given, and studying the accompanying diagrams, those readers who care to pose before their friends as jugglers can do so quite easily.

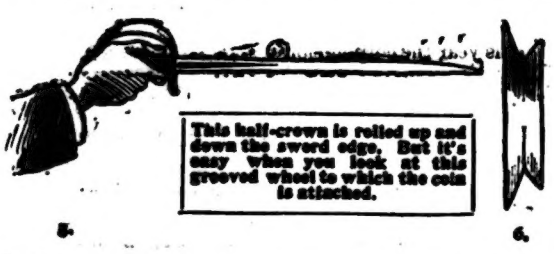
Spinning a handkerchief upon the end of a stick is a favourite trick. The juggler borrows a handkerchief, and catches it upon the end of a stick which he holds vertically in his right hand. He then whirls the stick round and round, when the handkerchief spreads itself out (Fig. 1), and spins rapidly upon the top of a whirling stick in a most astonishing manner.

To perform this trick in a perfectly genuine way would prove an exceedingly difficult matter (as will be speedily discovered if personally attempted with an ordinary unprepared stick), but the spurious juggler has no inclination to go to so much trouble, so before attempting the trick he privately inserts a needle in one end of the stick so that the pointed end projects (Fig. 2). It will now be seen that when the handkerchief alights upon the end of the stick the needle point will pass through it and prevent it from falling off the stick, thus rendering the feat an absurdly easy one.



To be able to balance three coins, one on top of the other, is a trick of which anyone might be proud. The juggler borrows a penny, a halfpenny, and a farthing. Holding the penny between the tips of his thumb and fingers, he first balances the halfpenny upon the edge of it, then, in the same manner, places the farthing upon the top of the halfpenny, as depicted in Fig. 3.

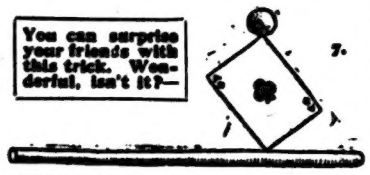
Such, at least, is the effect of the feat as seen by those in front, and everything appears to them to be entirely



free from deception. As a matter of fact, however, the coins employed by the cunning performer are hinged together, as shown in Fig. 4 (which is a back view of the coins), thus rendering the trick very easy to perform. It is almost needless to add that the borrowed coins are exchanged for the prepared ones whilst the juggler walks back to the stage after borrowing them.

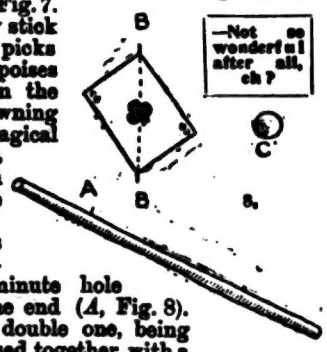
Another very effective feat, which is frequently executed by Japanese jugglers, is that of rolling a half-crown up and down the keen edge of a sword.

The sword and half-crown used in this case are entirely unsophisticated, the secret lying in the employment of a little metal wheel, having a deep groove running round its edge; a sectional diagram



of this wheel is given in Fig. 6. The half-crown is attached to the wheel by means of a pellet of beeswax, and the trick is practically done. Could anything be simpler?

Equally astonishing but a little more complicated, is the trick illustrated in Fig. 7. Holding a round ebony stick in one hand, the artiste picks up a playing card and poises it on one corner upon the stick; then, as a crowning finish to this truly magical feat, he balances a small billiard ball on the upper corner of the card.



The stick used in this feat is previously prepared by having a minute hole drilled into it near one end (*A*, Fig. 8). The card is really a double one, being formed of *two* cards, glued together, with a fine steel wire (*B*, *B*), running diagonally from corner to corner, the ends of the wire being allowed to project a little at each side. Finally, the ball is provided with a small hole (*C*).

With articles thus prepared, it is, of course, remarkably easy to carry out the trick. The card is

"balanced" by inserting one of the projecting points into the hole in the stick, while the ball is easily managed by fitting the hole over the upper portion of the wire.

Juggling with balls is not very difficult, and the knack may be acquired by anyone who is willing to devote a little time to practising it. To juggle with balls while blindfolded, however, *is* difficult; indeed, it has been the means of making many performers famous. The juggler's eyes are first bound with a handkerchief, then a sort of canvas bag is fitted over his head and shoulders so as to exclude all light from his eyes, and make it absolutely certain that he cannot see what he is doing. In spite of these apparent detriments, the juggler manages to manipulate his four or more little brass balls just as easily as though he were not blindfolded at all.

The secret lies principally in the bag, which is made of somewhat coarse canvas, and is prepared for the trick by having a number of threads drawn out of the part which covers the performer's face.

When the confederate places the bag over the juggler's head, nothing is simpler than to push the handkerchief off his eyes on to his forehead, so that he is able to look between the open threads of the bag, and see sufficiently to enable him to perform the feat successfully.

Such are a few of the modern juggler's most deceptive tricks. There are, of course, many others which cannot be included here; but enough has been explained to prove the truth of the ancient adage which tells us that "there are tricks in every trade but ours."

MRS. HOON: "Why do you suppose she insisted on being married in a balloon?"

Mr. Hoon: "I don't know, unless it was because she thought no man on earth was good enough for her."

"So she jilted you?"

"Yes," replied old Moneymore. "But I wouldn't have minded it so much, only she turned round and married my son, who is depending on me for everything."

An Odd Inheritance.

"PA, can I have some money to go to the circus?" asked little Johnny Whittaker.

"Hey?" said Mr. Whittaker.

Johnny preferred his request for the second time with faltering voice and indications of rain on his part.

"Want to go to the circus, hey! Don't you know that circuses are wicked? I never wanted to go to the circus when I was a boy. And what do you want to see at the circus?"

"I—I—w—want to see the w-wild a-animals," said Johnny, beginning to blubber in earnest.

"Want to see the wild animals, hey? Don't you twist the cat's tail often enough? Where did you get the love for wild animals? I never cared for them."

"I—I—I inherited it."

"Inherited it! Well, I never. And who from?"

"F—from N—Noah," sobbed the despairing hopeful. The promptness of Johnny's reply was too much for the old gentleman, and he came down at once with the necessary coin.

A LITTLE four-year-old occupying an upper berth in the steamship cabin was awakened in the middle of the night. His mother asked him if he knew where he was.

"Tourse I do," he replied. "I'm in the top drawer."

MOTHER: "Dear me! The baby has swallowed that piece of worsted."

Father: "That's nothing to the yarns she'll have to swallow if she lives to grow up."

When Britons Seized England's Soil.

A REMARKABLE little colony in the New Forest was formed by one of the most remarkable raids that ever took place in this Kingdom.

It was carried out in the latter part of the last century, when there was a good deal of encroachment by squatters on the forest land.

The Crown had rights to throw down fences surreptitiously extended, but a legal process was required to demolish an unlawfully erected house of which possession had been taken.

The New Forester who contemplated seizing a piece of land usually had all the materials ready for a rapid construction of a domicile, and immediately on its completion to have a fire lighted to signify domestic occupation.

When the raid under notice took place there were about a couple of hundred men engaged, and, on their act being discovered, the Duke of Bedford, who was warden of the manor, resolved to oust the invaders.

So apparent, however, was the Foresters' determination to resist removal that they were allowed to remain, and are not only the present occupants and owners of the ground captured by their forefathers, but as "freeholders" they possess the franchise.

There have been but few instances in our national history of England's soil being seized by her own sons.

HUNGRY HARRY (the tramp): "Me and you was born before our time, matey."

Wandering Willie: "How do you make that out?"

Hungry Harry: "I've been reading the papers, an' I see the experts agree that by the next century the wimmin will be doin' all the work in this world."

Wall Paper at £1,000 a Foot.

IT is strange to think of a man having his room decorated with paper worth £1,000 a square foot, and yet at the same time working hard for a living and scarcely able to make both ends meet. Yet this was the experience of an Englishman who worked in one of the first gold mines in South Africa.

He was engaged in a mine in the Barberton district, and took his salary partly in cash, but chiefly in scrap representing shares in the company. But the concern was not a financial success and no dividends were paid, so at last the discouraged Englishman threw up the position in disgust and went to another part, where he worked hard to keep himself and his small family. The share certificates were regarded with contempt by the man, but his wife appreciated the ornamental style of printing, and she stuck them on the walls of their little cabin, together with various prints and chromos.

Time went on, and one day the miner was visited by a gentleman from London who betrayed a certain eagerness to purchase the wall-paper. He was a bad schemer, for he allowed it to be seen that he wished to obtain possession of the share certificates. This aroused the suspicions of the miner; he made inquiries, and found that the old mine was now in a most flourishing condition, and that he was, as a shareholder, one of the richest men in South Africa. The wall paper was taken down and placed in security, and that miner is now one of the mining kings.

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS is the most original paper published. Get a copy and see for yourself.

PARIS BEAUTY FACTORIES.

SPECIALISTS WHO GROW RICH BY MAKING WOMEN LOVELY.

IF any woman goes to Paris nowadays with the laudable determination to overcome her physical defects there is no reason why her ambition should not be gloriously realised.

In Paris just now there is more feminine beauty created by science than by Nature, more physical loveliness by direct application of remedies, ranging from hypnotism to hot water, than by health or inheritance, and the powers behind the throne of beauty dwell in what are called *ateliers de la beauté*. They are all specialists, devoting their lives and their brains to the study of the improvement of the feminine form or face divine, and the artists of great fame who paint portraits for rich Americans earn no bigger incomes than some of these hair or complexion creators. Some of them are women and some of them are men, but all of them make their first fame by the creation of a successful actress.

The scheme of advertisement is simple enough. When a pupil from the Conservatoire is preparing to make her first appearance under particularly powerful patronage, one of these fairy godmothers takes her in hand and for nothing at all creates for her a feature. To this are added fine gowns, and no matter if the *début* is a failure the feature is sure to find favour with the appreciative Parisian audience, and the next day everyone is talking of Mdlle. Bijou's marvellous waist, or exquisite hair, or wonderful figure. Talk of that sort in Paris creates a fashion, and to the beauty artists who made Mdlle. Bijou famous rushes the feminine Parisian world.

It was a poor, unknown but ambitious barber in a back court three flights up who did Jane Hading's hair ten years ago in

LARGE ONDULES THAT STAYED,

and to-day he airs himself in the Bois de Boulogne in the most gorgeous and expensive motor-car ever seen there.

The woman who made Rejane's figure and now keeps her waist permanently at the nineteen-inch measure, has one of the finest studios for the cultivation of the waist on a big boulevard at the back of the Opera House.

The man with the new electric appliance for restoring colour to grey hair is growing almost bald and grey himself from overpatronage, while as to the cultivator of lovely bones, the creator of supple beautiful leanness, her *clientèle* runs now into the thousands.

To begin with the coiffeurs. Their business is not only to arrange hair exquisitely but to guard it from all the weaknesses that the human scalp is prone to, to impart to scant ugly hair a vigour and gloss as well as a curliness without which no woman's beauty can of course be considered complete.

Just drop into the operating rooms of one of the best of these artists and see him take a stiff grey handful of short and what are called badly-bitten locks into his hands. The saddened possessor of this uncompromising looking mass says she once had nice brown curls, and then she was ill, finally resorted to dyes, let the dye wear off, and then took to curling irons.

With the profound gravity and attention of a great physician the head of the establishment questions and listens. He absorbs and makes elaborate notes upon the whole history of the case, inquires whether greyness and thinness of growth are hereditary, and then orders his assistants to examine the scalp,

TAKE SAMPLES OF THE HAIR,

and when full microscopic and chemical investigation has been made he decides on a treatment.

A remarkable application of colouring fluid through electric baths is what they now give in cases of premature greyness. The process is long and exciting, and, furthermore, it is expensive. The head is washed and rubbed and steamed and then a tinted oil is worked into the open pores. Curiously enough a sweetly perfumed white oil gives a brown tone, a faint brown oil brings back a shining black gloss and then electricity is expected to do the rest, after the clipping, singeing and brushing with a huge revolving, softly bristled wheel has been undergone.

The figure-maker is sometimes called the cold water witch, because she spouts an icy fluid on her victims from every point of the compass and is even capable, her subjects say, of massaging and pounding obstinate flesh with bags filled with finely shaved ice.

Wrapped in a sheet her patient is first laid on a wooden table with a gutter all round its edge, and then the rubber hose is turned on. It plays in a spray, a circle and a steady spout, first from this angle and then from that, and after a few moments of spraying, the thumping with ice-filled bags begins until the offending flesh "does melt like dew," according to Hamlet's eloquently expressed desire.

After the spraying and thumping the patient is ordered to run round the room, is rubbed down, wrapped in a flannel robe, allowed to rest fifteen minutes and to take a dry biscuit and half a cup of hot, black coffee.

After two or three treatments the bottle begins to show; first those round the neck come, then a good sharp elbow develops itself, and at last, the hip measure begins to shrink. Hip flesh is the last to go, and this precedes the diminution of the waist girth.

Rarely does a subject prove wholly resistant to the cold water treatment. Plain water directed from a sufficient height through a hose, will do as much as faith, namely, move mountains, and it is therefore perfectly logical to agree that less water through a smaller hose directed at unstable human flesh, will break down fatty tissues and bring out the solid bone foundation.

This reasonable conclusion has been practically reached so often in Paris that no longer is there an excuse for a clumsily fat woman. That is what the corset makers insist, which accounts for the tremendous number of patients who meekly, wincingly, shiveringly but hopefully stand the shock of spout and spray.

When the bones begin to show, then the subject is taken to the corset maker's satin-lined little boudoir, and the responsibility is left to her of bringing the fleshbent bones back into place.

To get a complexion that is worth having and guaranteed to wear, you must have a card, and out of the dust and noise of the street you pass from a court up a pair of stairs, and into a pink and white drawing-room that looks as if the decorations were done in curds and whipped cream, and where a velvet-voiced young woman, whose very presence inspires confidence, takes you in hand. She whisks you into a boudoir all to yourself, speaks tenderly to you,

PUSHES YOUR HEAD BACK

on a cushion and begins her operations.

There is a soft bright light overhead and you attempt for a while to watch her manœuvres, but it is better to shut your eyes while she examines you through a powerful lens and tells you your skin is just the quality of such and such a duchess, and that just a little of this and that will render it quite ravishing.

First she washes cheeks, chin and brow with a sponge hastily dried out from very hot water. That relaxes all the nerves and opens the pores, and then with two tiny rubber-headed drumsticks she plays a rat-a-tat-too, from one end of your countenance to the other.

After this a liquid of delicate odour and secret composition is massaged in gently and what is called electric air is blown into the face. This last smells like a warm south wind wafted over a bed of violets or carnations, and while you are trying to decide which, you fall into a profound and refreshing slumber.

The nap does not last more than ten minutes, but you wake softly out of it to find that the young woman is throwing many shaded lights on your face. She is trying to decide what tint of powder will suit your skin best, and the varying shades of colour come from thinnest sheets of crystal behind which there is an electric light.

Every crystal sheet is matched by powder. When the colour is decided upon the powder is blown on by a new device, and if the decision is that a delicate rosy radiance over the whole face is likely to produce a more natural effect than an application to the cheeks alone the powder is applied, and then by the deftest touch in the world it is worked in and the surplus blown off with an enormous swansdown puff on the end of an ivory stick.

Finally, when the treatment is over and you sit erect in your chair facing a long mirror, you realise for the first time that you are a particularly attractive person, and that none but you and the young woman need ever know but that your exquisite rose-leaf skin came through other than health's own agency.

With a little magnetism wrinkles are treated successfully. The patient is put into complete relaxation and then the face is bathed and massaged—but enamelling—oh, no, never does the Parisian actress or woman of fashion submit to that nowadays, though sometimes little brown moles are made on the left cheek.

BROWN: "Is Madame Spaghetti a really first-rate singer?"

Jones: "I don't think she can be. I never saw her name among the soap testimonials."

SHE: "There is a hair on your shoulder."

He: "Oh—er—yes; I've been playing with the poodle."

She: "That's not good enough. Flossie is not a brunette poodle."

LITTLE DOT: "I wish I was a boy."

Little Dick: "Why?"

Little Dot: "'Cause a girl always feels so wicked when she does anything wrong, an' a boy don't. Boys just go on an' has a good time."

"IN looking out of doors do you notice how bright is the green of the grass and the leaves?" asked an elderly gentleman of a little girl whose home he was visiting.

"Yes, sir."

"Why does it appear so much brighter at this time?" he next asked, looking down upon the bright, sweet face with tender interest.

"Because ma has cleaned the windows, and you can see out better," she said.

She Was Ready.

HERE is a funny story, showing the great pluck and coolness of an old Scotch woman.

A ruffianly-looking tramp appeared one day suddenly before her cottage and wanted money.

"Did anybody see you come in here?" she said.

"No," said the man.

"Then niver a ane shall see ye gang oot! Lassie, bring me the axe."

The tramp on hearing this thought discretion the better part of valour and decamped.

Making Every One Useful.

AN enterprising Yankee had discovered up-country a desirable district in which to form a settlement, and came down to New York to secure immigrants, as well as the services of a newspaper reporter, who was to join the party on their arrival. He (the reporter) found a man upwards of eighty years of age one of the proposed settlers.

"What, in the name of wonder, made you bring that old man—he can be of no use?"

"Oh, I can utilise him."

"In what way?"

"He will do to commence our cemetery."

The Birds Were Stuffed.

A SHORT-SIGHTED but good-natured old gentleman a member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Wild Birds, observing a couple of parrots outside the shop of a taxidermist one night during a heavy snowstorm, called the proprietor out, and said:

"Take those poor creatures in out of this cold weather."

"It's no business of yours," replied the taxidermist; "and besides, they are used to it," and he shut the door with a growl.

The old gentleman went away in an angry mood, but presently returned, accompanied by a policeman.

"Take those parrots in immediately, you cruel fellow you!" said the policeman when they had succeeded in calling the man to the door.

"Why on earth don't you let me sleep in peace?" growled the taxidermist. "Those birds are stuffed!"

RUSTY NAIL (in the street): "What are you doing here."

Carpet Tack: "Waiting for a ride."

"Do you think any of these fine people will stop their carriages to pick up a worthless little thing like you?"

"No, but the first bicyclist that comes along will pick me up without stopping."

THE LAST COUPON

MAY APPEAR AT ANY MOMENT.

In fact, this may be the last. We shall not announce its appearance a week ahead, so fill up at once and send in, or you may be too late.

£250 Will be given to the Reader of PEARSON'S WEEKLY from whom we receive a coupon in which is written the EXACT DAY upon which the British flag will be officially hoisted in Pretoria.

All You Have to Do.

Fill in the accompanying coupon. Send it in to us as soon as you like. Send as many coupons as you like.

If two competitors name the exact day the money will go to the one who gives the correct hour of that day. If two or more give the correct day and hour the £250 in full will go to him whose coupon we received bearing the earliest date of sending in. Pretoria time, which is about one hour and three quarters in advance of English time, must be stated. We shall take it that competitors mean the year 1900, unless they state otherwise.

The Editor's decision must be final, and competitors must only enter on that understanding. The Editor reserves the right to close this competition at a day's notice.

Address all envelopes to "War Editor," Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

This notice and coupon also appear every week in the ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS, HOME NOTES, SHORT STORIES, SUNDAY READER, and the BIG BUDGET.

Pretoria Coupon. P.W.] June 2, 1900. Date of Writing } .....

Name .....

Address .....

.....

.....

Day ..... Hour ..... (Pretoria Time.)

A novel brilliantly written by one familiar with South Africa, is "An Imperial Light Horseman."

THE INVADERS.

A STORY OF BRITAIN'S PERIL.

By Louis Tracy.

Author of "The Final War," "An American Emperor," etc.

HOW THE NAVAL GUNS WON THE BATTLE OF CHESTERFIELD.

THE YORKSHIREMEN AT BAY.

SUMMARY.

The story opens with a farewell scene between Captain Robert Hamilton and Major Forster at Euston Station, the latter journeying to Liverpool, en route for the war in South Africa.

Arriving at Liverpool, Major Forster finds everybody in a state of terror and confusion, and learns that the city has fallen into the hands of an unknown enemy.

London is startled by the announcement that the French and German Ambassadors have demanded, and received, their passports. The Royal Marines, with the Militia and Volunteers, are called up to save the country.

The Duke of Connaught cables from Ireland that he wishes to command—or at least accompany—the expeditionary forces, and this request is acceded to.

A battle takes place between the land forces at Manchester, where, after many exciting incidents, the enemy is repulsed.

After the battle, the Commanders of the Allied Forces hold a consultation, which Major Forster, who has obtained the uniform and papers of a German soldier and joined the Allies to spy on their movements, overhears.

When it is dark, Major Forster leaves the camp, and, with Tom Pratt's assistance, obtains the *dossier* in the French commander's possession.

A naval action takes place between some British ships and a portion of the French fleet off Gibraltar, in which the British are beaten, being hopelessly outnumbered.

America comes to the help of England by sending over food supplies under the escort of Admiral Dewey and five U.S. men-of-war.

Dr. Leyds is kidnapped at Boulogne by three Englishmen, who take him over to England in a small boat, and he is imprisoned at Holloway.

The British Forces, under General Brackenbury, are concentrated at Caistor, and a fierce battle ensues, in which the Marines greatly distinguish themselves. The Allies, however, are not beaten, and orders are given for another advance on the British.

CHAPTER XV. (*continued*).

THE naval lieutenant noted this manœuvre. Instantly he thought fit to divert the attention of his two guns from the opposing guns lining the hills near Thoresway.

"Now, Williams," he said, in the tone of a man ordering a steak in a hurry. "Those chaps on the roadway there. Sixteen hundred yards. Give it to 'em. Six a minute."

The clouds of brown smoke from the lyddite shells, raining along the lane at the rate of one in each five seconds, effectually blotted from view a large batch of Hanoverian troops.

They also blotted out of existence such a woeful proportion of an entire regiment that the corps took no further part in the proceedings, and a German major-general used words of fearful import as he ordered the rest of his contingent to avoid the road and take to the fields.

The two monster cannons, with their goblin eyes peering over the field of battle, seemed for an instant to gloat with ghoul-like glee at the havoc they had caused. Then they swung round inquisitively to look for another holocaust.

To assist the infantry, three of the enemy's batteries galloped along a bridle path leading from Thoresway to Acre House.

The constant opening of gates caused the leading gun to halt frequently, and the others gained on it. In three minutes the eighteen were lumped together.

This was simply tempting Providence.

"Bring that Ordnance map here," said the sailor.

He pored over it for a moment to make quite sure of his distance.

"Load both guns with common shell."

"Ay, ay, sir."

"At 3,400 yards ready!"

He indicated the group of eighteen guns and the twins began.

"A little short," shouted the lieutenant. "Not quite so fine a sight."

The thin wire at the trunnion came down the slightest fraction, and the ball of the foresight on each weapon climbed up until a goodly circumference of its tiny arc almost obliterated the mob of horses and guns huddled together on the landscape two miles away.

The ensuing thirty seconds—timed, that is, from the arrival of the first accurately-aimed missile—produced a spectacle happily not often witnessed even on the battlefield.

Eleven 100-lb. shells were dropped plump into the midst of the group. The two leading guns got clear away through the gate, which required smashing, as it was secured with a chain and padlock. But the others! Even those which suffered the least lost a horse or a wheel.

The larger number were temporarily disabled, and four quick-firers were ruined, whilst the field was converted into a perfect shambles of dead or wounded men and animals.

"Good!" said the lieutenant, watching this scene of devastation through his glasses. "That's up to the standard of Whale Island."

Such incidents, though dramatic enough in all conscience, neither hindered nor seriously affected the steady onward rushes of the fighting line.

The British howitzers and field-guns had arrived by this time. They grouped themselves round their huge companions on the crest and assumed their specific functions for stopping an enemy closing in.

Their fire was galling and splendidly directed.

It crumpled whole sections of the foe and left them to darken the green carpet of nature until later she spread it over them and they were wholly obliterated.

Still the human torrent poured on, gaining strength as it surged up the hill.

At last the withering fusilades on both sides died away. There was a swirl of men towards, over, into the British trenches, and a noise more terrifying than the boom of cannon or the crackling of rifles arose round the very base of the epaulement hastily thrown up in front of the 6-inch guns.

This came from the thousands of shouting, swearing, cursing, and groaning men. The clash of steel against steel mixed with the ferocious cries of those who nerved themselves and cheered on their comrades to the struggle, whilst too often the loud shout of buoyant courage was merged into the keener note of despair as the terrible bayonet got home and accomplished its fell purpose.

The Britons were out-numbered three to one. But the one hardened his heart to resist the three, and he laboured at the task with knotted muscles and bursting brains and dreadful eyes, for he was looking at death face to face.

In the midst of this terrible fight with cold steel there was one man who kept on firing.

He was a farmer, armed with a shot-gun. Right, left—reload. Right, left—reload. Again and again, until the skin of the thumb and finger of his left hand began to blister on the heated bands, without evoking any sensation of pain in the man himself.

A noted pigeon shot, a deadly gun in a covert, he was now grassing larger game with the *sang froid* he would exhibit in the paddock of the Red Lion or along his favourite drive in the Black Plantation.

Down they went, German and French, stung, blinded and stunned by the tiny pellets—No. 4 shot he liked for anything beyond twenty yards—and so far as he was personally concerned, he indubitably placed more of his opponents on the casualty list than any half-dozen soldiers engaged in the action.

Another steel-tipped wave came tumbling over the trenches, yelling strange cries as they ran, seeking, half blindly for their prey.

Right—left. Down fell an officer and a man, both of the famous 107th *d'infanterie*.

No time to reload now. A murmured prayer for the girl, a clubbed fowling-piece, the stock of which smashed off against the face of the first man he hit, a lucky ward of a bayonet thrust by the barrels as he swung them back for another blow, a slip in a puddle not caused by rain, and he was down.

The fall saved him from a second lunge, and his running assailant fell over him. The farmer was the quicker to recover. His strong hands closed like a vice round the soldier's neck, the Frenchman's tongue and eye-balls protruded, and he gurgled out his life in a final writhe of convulsive agony.

Pray now, girl in the quiet house at Claxby. There is urgent need of your tearful supplications. Not long can an unarmed man hope to escape in that seething maelstrom which is engulfing its victims by hundreds.

London, you must indeed be a stony-hearted stepmother if you do not weep for your dying sons. Devonport, your parade-ground will be for ever deserted by many a familiar form.

The great guns overhead gaped across the red ruin being wrought beneath; their solemn eyes looked far away to the horizon—to the sea. Silent and motionless—for the lieutenant and his men were fighting lustily around them—they seemed to stare grimly at something which mortal vision could not perceive.

Was it fancy, or were the inert masses of metal—lately so tremendously active, now peering fixedly at the distant line where sky and hills commingled—endowed with some sentient electricity which whispered secrets yet unknown to the men around them, who thrust, and yelled, and thrust again, or died?

The farmer, on hands and knees, was reaching out for a fallen Lebel rifle, with bayonet attached, in the hope that he might yet sell his life for a higher price than he had already received, when a deep roar, as of sea and wind in a gale, came from the crest.

Then the Brigade of Guards raced down the few remaining yards of the slope and were swallowed up in the vortex.

On the right two militia brigades, on the left four battalions of volunteers, crashed into the hand to hand fight.

Ha! Monsieur the enemy—this equalises matters somewhat. The Londoners and the Marines gave you pause, did they not? This fresh contingent may stagger you.

The base of the 6-inch guns is free at last, save for those who must be carried away. The naval lieutenant, wiping perspiration in a handful from his forehead, sings out to the survivors of the gun crews:

"Hurry up there. Clear those chaps out of the way!" and looks for a nice ripe bunch of reserves or a too venturesome battery to form the dessert of the feast.

And who are these who speed so proudly over the crest, and wheel by squadrons until they can ride through the enemy's wavering line from flank to flank—these natty blue-coated cavalry, with white gauntlets and white-fronted tunics, with pennons fluttering gaily in the breeze and glazed caps catching the slanting sunbeams.

Once seen by friend or foe, the 17th Lancers are never forgotten.

Quite unexpectedly, as if fallen from the skies, they had come to Sir Henry Brackenbury in the nick of time.

Sir Richard Harrison had no pressing need for mounted troops in the business he was engaged in at the moment. He had, so to speak, "lent" them for the afternoon, and they had just detrained at Holton Station. They found the picnic in full swing, and one at least of its main supporters was unfeignedly glad to see them.

Rather a dangerous experiment, it will be said, to launch 600 horsemen against an infantry division. Well, it was. It provided excellent material months later for a long paper at the United Service Institution.

The Death or Glory Boys did not trouble to discuss the thesis in front of the division, but locked their lances securely between right arms and ribs, leaned forward in the saddle, and went at the mob of soldiers with a whoop.

It was easy to distinguish friend from foe by the uniforms, though even the madness of the fight did not prevent the opposing forces from drawing somewhat apart when the charge commenced.

There are no troops in existence who will face lancers at close quarters when not prepared for the onset.

The entire left attack crumbled away before the thunder of the horses and the swiftly darting lances. Some in the centre attempted to stand, but they were immediately convulsed by the fire from a militia battalion whose sharp-sighted colonel noted the incident.

So the centre followed the left in the race down the hill, and the right saw nothing better to do, and General de Boyat, watching the affair from a neighbouring eminence, hid his face in his hands lest men should see it.

He knew that his flanking movement had failed. There was nothing for it but Grimsby and the night.

British bugles rang out shrilly in the "Halt," followed by the "Assemble," for many of the infantry had raced after the flying enemy.

They now came back, hanging in pairs on to the stirrups of a lancer, being blown with the fight and fit to collapse now that it was over.

The Allies' guns took up their *rôle* of covering their defeated infantry, and Sir Henry was unable to make a pretence of attacking them. His men were unequal to it for the next half hour. They had suffered grievously, the Marines and London Volunteers being practically destroyed as integral units.

But a galloper came from the left to say that Major-General Maurice had been advancing since 3.30 p.m., and if Sir Henry could but stand fast he (Maurice) would cut the Allies off from the sea by five o'clock.

The general summoned up a smile.

"You can return, Captain Lawson," he said, "and tell Major-General Maurice that we have stood quite fast."

As he spoke he waved his sword over the front of the position, and the aide-de-camp, one of the Connaught Rangers, saw the stern evidences of his leader's words.

No further comment was needed. He raced back as he had come to say that the right was intact and the Allies beaten off.

The two 6-inch guns might have heard his message, for their muzzles swung towards each other—the men who laid the guns thought *they* had done it—and they seemed to say "*We* know. *We* know!"

What was it that these grotesque intelligences had divined? Why, this.

The Portsmouth Squadron had joined the victorious fleet from the Nore off Grimsby on Tuesday night.

Finding the town abandoned by the enemy the Admirals put their heads together, if such a homely phrase can be applied to men who sleep in full-dress uniform, cocked hat, epaulets, and the rest.

The result of their cogitations was that on Wednesday morning they landed a corps of 7,000 sailors, with Maxims and Nordenfeldts in unusual proportion. This force was now, four o'clock, rattling into action on the rear of the enemy's right, from the village of Irby-upon-Humber.

General de Boyat learnt this depressing fact long before either Brackenbury or Maurice could possibly know it. The French commander and his staff naturally magnified the contingent into a number beyond its real proportions. They did not even know that it was made up of sailors drawn from the fleet.

All that was patent and demonstrable was that a fresh and terrible demonstration was developing itself in a quarter least expected, cutting off the promised retreat, and converting a lost battle into wholesale disaster.

Some of the senior officers did not scruple to recommend immediate surrender. Their men were crushed and spiritless and wearied beyond endurance. Many of them were weakened for want of food. Commissariat and ammunition trains were hopelessly lost—ambulance work a mere figment of imagination.

They had done their best. Why sacrifice more lives uselessly?

But the energetic Algerian soldier clung to a shred of hope. The unlooked-for reinforcements for the British might be paralleled by the arrival of Mercier or von Meissenhofen.

There were some hours of daylight left. They would fight on.

At five o'clock the crowding together of the Allies and their obvious inability to retreat towards Grimsby suggested itself to Brackenbury that something more than Maurice's advance must account for this apparent anomaly.

The British right, refreshed and rested, started from their position and deployed for attack on the opposing hills.

The 6-inch guns were roaring merrily across the intervening space and planting shell after shell amidst the dense masses gathering round Thoresway, Croxby, and Curwold.

The smaller guns had already boldly advanced towards

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the plateau in front of Nettleton and all was ripe for a renewal of the affray on lines as fierce as that which had gone before, when Captain Lawson, riding a foam-covered charger, again appeared and reported the presence of the sailors, with whom Maurice had come in contact after being apprised of their presence by heliograph.

"Glorious!" cried Brackenbury. "Now I understand that which has been puzzling me for the last hour. A general attack will assure us the victory before nightfall."

But the attack was not pressed home. Towards three different points of the British crescent an officer came riding with a white flag on a lance—a table cloth taken from a house in Thoresway.

Before that symbol the firing slackened and died away. He who found Sir Henry Brackenbury asked for terms. General de Boyat would surrender, would disarm, but might the officers and men be sent back to their countries on parole?

"Unconditional surrender is my reply," said the British general. "The future of all prisoners of war will be determined by her Majesty's ministers—not by me."

The officer looked around for a moment, as if to seek sympathy from some one of the gallant group surrounding their commander. At last he forced himself to speak.

"To prevent useless bloodshed I am empowered to surrender unconditionally," he said. "General de Boyat will himself come to you and tender his sword."

Nothing could keep the British army quiet when the men realised what had happened. The wounded, the very dying even, strove to join in the burst of cheering that ran along the lines.

Pending the arrival of the French leader some arrangements for disarmament and food were hastily discussed, and many officers were dispatched on the requisite errands to accomplish some portion of the work before daylight failed.

In a moment's interval Sir Henry leaned over to his chief of the Staff and said:

"Now mark my words, Forster. The sailors will say they won this fight."

The 6-inch guns were near, and might have heard his words. But they were grim and motionless.

All their grand vitality, their stupendous energy, had left them. Their work was ended, and they were being lovingly sponged over by the sailors, to remove all traces of the conflict so that a lady's white silk handkerchief would not be soiled by touching them.

In the village of Claxby the farmer found his daughter on her knees.

"I knew you would come, father," she cried. "I knew that God would protect you."

"He has, my lass," was the answer. "But surely even He could never bear to look at all that has happened up there on the hill-side."

CHAPTER XVI.

WITH THE YORKSHIREMEN.

CAPTAIN BOBBY HAMILTON, who had vanished from ken since the outbreak of hostilities, reappears at an opportune moment.

The chances and changes of the campaign had detached him from the Brigade of Guards, and placed him on the staff of General Thynne. Throughout the long hours of the battle on Tuesday, when the Army of Occupation vainly endeavoured to pierce the British lines outside Chesterfield, Hamilton had galloped three horses off their feet, yet on Wednesday morning he was in the saddle again at daybreak, cheerful as a schoolboy, and full of every detail concerning the scattered forces which his chief was directing.

No one who saw Bobby Hamilton as he cantered up to an advanced post on the high road leading from Wingerworth Hall to Northedge, carrying to a militia corps stationed there the welcome intelligence that a battalion of Yorkshire volunteers was then marching up in relief, would have imagined that in the short space of two months the Guardsman had taken part in two great campaigns.

He was now quite recovered from his Magersfontein wound. His bridle arm had borne the fatigue of the previous day without giving him any uneasiness, and he was as fit in every other respect as he had ever been in his life.

Things had gone well with him during the last few hours. General Thynne, in a dispatch to the War Office written at midnight, had specially commended his gallantry and most valuable services on the staff; a horse-box containing two chargers had turned up out of the seeming chaos on the railway, and a telegram from Lady Evelyn Prior had just reached him.

What could any man under thirty years of age want more? No wonder Bobby puffed complacently at a cigar as he trotted rapidly along the highway, though that luxury cost him three shillings, and had been originally imported from Mexico for twopence.

There was plenty of tobacco in the country, but the invasion and the sacking of Liverpool had driven even the commonest varieties of cigars to a price hitherto known only in besieged cities.

Love laughs at locksmiths, we are told. It also smiles superciliously at commanders-in-chief and other exalted personages.

The richest merchant in London, the most important shipowner in the North, could not get a telegram through in either direction by any device, yet a girl was able to wheedle somebody in Pall Mall to endorse her little message with official sanction, and the result was that Captain Hamilton's heart was gladdened by the tiny sheet of flimsy that meant so much, with its loving words:

"Take care of yourself for my sake.—EVIE."

"I was in more than one tight place yesterday," said Bobby to himself, "but I think the dear girl need not be unduly alarmed on my account to-day. If I am stationed in this locality I may not see a shot fired. The fighting is sure to be further north."

He changed his opinions on this point, and others, before many hours had passed.

It was part of his duty to await the arrival of the relief, to consult with the colonels of both regiments as to the nature of the position occupied and arrangements made for its defence, to see the fresh troops fairly established in their post, and then to report to General Thynne that everything was in order.

Now, to tell the truth, the General had stationed this particular corps of volunteers at Wingerworth because he shared Hamilton's views as to the extreme unlikelihood of an attack being made in that neighbourhood.

The corps was the 1st Volunteer Battalion of the Yorkshire Regiment. It was made up of scattered detachments collected from the northern part of the North Riding.

Although the men were good specimens of the hardy folk who inhabit the "greatest county on earth" they had not been embodied long enough to acquire the necessary cohesion—this was General Thynne's opinion—and he decided to use them to liberate a more experienced regiment for the severe work he expected to take place in the outskirts of Chesterfield.

Their commanding officer, Colonel A. F. Godman, in earlier days a major of dragoon guards, accurately apprised the chief's motives and in equal measure resented them, but he was far too strict a soldier to express his annoyance by word or sign.

Hence, under the circumstances, it was not surprising that Captain Hamilton and he confined their remarks to the absolute necessities of the case.

It is a difficult thing to get rid of preconceived notions. The Guardsman could not fail to commend the splendid *esprit de corps* which the regiment exhibited, and the workmanlike manner in which the men handled shovel and pick to develop and extend the trenches thrown up by the town-bred militia battalion during the previous day.

But the good effect of these first impressions was marred by the familiarity—"want of discipline" Hamilton termed it—that existed between officers and men.

Your true Yorkshireman is a genuine tyke in manners as in name, and your dalesman or miner is the quintessence of his class.

The men obeyed their officers with a quiet air bespeaking confidence but not inferiority, and they had absolutely no sense of reverence for the spic and span staff officer.

That morning Hamilton happened to wear a new uniform, so the contrast between his appearance and that of the regiment, which had bivouacked in a neighbouring park all night, evoked comment.

"He do look nice, to be shu-er," grinned a quarryman, jerking his thumb towards the Honourable Robert, who, with the Colonel, was watching the man and his mates breaking up the roadway into a trench.

"Like as if he had just left a bandbox," said another.

"Ay, lad. Fine feathers mak' fine birds, they say."

Colonel Godman thought it high time to interfere.

"Silence, Private Thompson," he said. "Get on with your work."

"All reet, Colonel," was the cheerful answer. "A'm shiftin' t' muck fast enough. A'll be bound now they keep peacocks in th' park hereabouts."

"Will you hold your tongue?" growled the Colonel.

This sort of chaff was a novel and disagreeable experience for a captain in the Coldstreams. Even good-tempered Bobby Hamilton acknowledged to an absurd feeling of annoyance, the unkindest cut being the implied inference that he had taken no part in yesterday's action.

His private and personal sentiments at that moment were comprised in a feeling of thankfulness that these clod-hoppers were not likely to be called upon to face fire, whilst the outspoken Yorkshiremen thought that the magnificent officer "frae Lunnon" was a stuck-up individual who could not "tak' a jo-ak."

A little later they appreciated each other more accurately.

Hamilton was about to leave the position, after arranging with Colonel Godman for the early transmission of intelligence to headquarters if anything unusual transpired, when some cavalry patrols were driven in from the front. They reported the presence of strong bodies of the enemy's mounted troops in the neighbourhood of Darley Moor.

This was startling news.

General Thynne was at Chesterfield, four miles away, and the British centre rested on that town, as the first battle had been fought in front of it.

The vedettes had not ascertained the full extent of the Allies' advance, a screen of cavalry being pushed so far to the front that the task was simply impossible of achievement.

But as party after party of scouts came trotting along the hill round from the rear, and the sharp crackle of musketry was now heard at intervals, there could be no reasonable doubt that von Meissenhofen intended to open the second portion of the programme with a determined assault upon the weak British left.

With singular skill, too, he had fastened upon the least protected spot in a front extending over six miles. Not only was the major portion of General Thynne's forces grouped behind the trenches at Chesterfield, so grandly held by the British troops throughout the long hours of Tuesday, but the remainder were naturally posted to protect the main roads leading from Matlock and Ashover to Chesterfield, whilst this unimportant country lane running between Wingerworth and Tupton Parks was left to be watched rather than defended by the 672 men Colonel Godman had brought down from Northallerton in Yorkshire on the preceding evening.

Bobby was now really anxious.

He deemed it best to send off a trooper with a written message to General Thynne detailing all that he had learnt thus far, and to remain himself until a later stage in the proceedings, when more definite developments would enable him to carry precise information as to the strength and nature of the assault.

He glanced at the clumsy, big-footed men from the North with renewed interest when he realised that they might soon be put to the rough test of a severe attack by mounted infantry, probably supported by guns.

The regiment had quieted somewhat. The men knew that an action was impending. They worked steadily on to complete the additional entrenchments they had undertaken, whilst some of them were busily engaged in preparing breakfast, a meal held in great esteem by every inhabitant of the county of broad acres.

Hamilton was agreeably surprised by the methodical manner in which each company obtained its rations from the regimental commissariat, and then subdivided the supplies between squads and individuals.

The officers' mess on this occasion was dependent upon the same dainties as the men's, namely, hot coffee, loaves, and slices of tinned beef.

The Guardsman joined Colonel Godman and the others in the meal—a feast of short duration, for it was expedited within fifteen minutes of the mess call being sounded by the appearance of four guns on the heights above Stubbing House and the very unpleasant attentions of shrapnel and melinite shells immediately afterwards.

With the exception of, perhaps, the Colonel and a few sergeant-instructors, this was the baptism of fire for every officer and man in the regiment.

There was a little extra celerity shown in getting under cover. Some laughter broke out when a field cooking range overturned in the haste of the commissariat to reach the friendly shelter of a wood in rear. One or two men relieved their feelings by firing at the opposite hill without orders, and were sharply rebuked by Major W. H. A. Wharton for their action.

But, on the whole, they took this new and decidedly uncomfortable experience calmly and coolly, even seriously.

A few of the livelier spirits soon became tired of the solemnity of being under shell fire. As the enemy got the range, and the time-fuses began to explode accurately just a little short of the line of trenches—that is, where they were visible on open ground and in the roadway—the men commenced chaffing each other.

"How's that, Catterick?" would be the cry when a melinite shell threw a shower of earth and stones into the trench.

"Not out!" was the cheerful answer.

Another missile struck a tree and exploded with a terrific crash.

"Did that hit the castle, Richmond?" was the call.

"No-a. It was t' jail, Northallerton," came the prompt reply, evoking a burst of laughter from all who heard.

"Those are not the men's names, surely," said Bobby Hamilton to the adjutant, Captain Hartley, with whom he was chatting at the moment.

"Oh, no. Those are the names of the small towns from which each company comes."

Here some commotion arose at a little distance.

"First blood to Skelton!" ran the explanation along the lines, and three limp forms were carried tenderly to the rear.

But now bullets from Mausers, and Lee-Enfields, too, commenced to sing through the air like so many bees whizzing homewards when laden with booty, and some khaki-coated dots, showing very clearly against the green of the Derbyshire fields, gave the defenders a chance to return the enemy's fire with interest.

A curious feature of this campaign was the fact that whilst the original body of invaders wore nothing but khaki uniforms—a colour and material hitherto exclusively adopted by British troops on foreign service—the home forces donned the uniforms usually seen in England, but never of late years in the battlefield.

The Yorkshire volunteers that morning were attired in their red jackets, blue trousers and leggings, with forage caps, so they provided a marked contrast to the dust-coloured Army of Occupation, a strong dismounted brigade of which was now intent upon rushing the British position.

Von Meissenhofen calculated that if he could once throw his mobile forces beyond those lines of stubbornly held trenches his superior power of movement would quickly disorganise the British infantry. By rapidly pushing an attack home with artillery and cavalry, mounted and dismounted, he hoped to roll up the British centre and thus break his way through and give to de Boyat the long delayed assistance he so greatly needed.

At 9.15 a.m. on Wednesday morning the only obstacles that barred the advance of the best troops the two greatest military nations of the Continent could put in the field, were a few hundreds of Yorkshire villagers, fairly well armed it is true, but devoid of further military science than can be afforded by three or four, or at the very utmost, six days' training under canvas in each year.

No very formidable rock on which to wreck a great enterprise. But it sufficed, nevertheless.

Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, who honours the regiment by giving to it her gracious name, was able to telegraph to the Colonel before she retired to rest that night that whilst her tears could not be restrained when she heard of the glorious way in which they fought and died, she had never been so proud of her regiment. "You have added lustre to the records of your county and to my title," said the popular Princess, and she did not exaggerate.

At 9.25 a.m. a dozen quick-firing field-pieces were pelting the British position from end to end, and a thousand dismounted assailants were creeping to close quarters by utilising the splendid cover with which the locality abounded.

Against the guns nothing could be done. Their human enemies were yet too distant to give the Yorkshires a chance of other than occasional long shots, or a sectional volley at a suspected hedge or clump of brushwood.

But the casualty list grew apace, and Bobby sent off two more mounted orderlies with urgent messages for help. Though he should have gone in person, in accordance with the strict letter of his instructions, he could not tear himself away whilst matters were so desperately uncertain.

(To be continued.)

THE SUNDAY READER is the paper for the people.

WHEN NATIONS GO TO SLEEP.

THE DANGER OF NOT KEEPING THE FIGHTING FORCES IN TRIM.

PERHAPS, if it were looked into, the real secret of the long continued success of Napoleon in his military career might be found to be that, in addition to being General-in-Chief of the French armies, he was also the head of his own government, and his word was as much law in the policy of the administration in times of peace, as it was in his soldier camps in time of war. Thus having a full knowledge of what, as General commanding the armies of France, he required for the aggressive campaigns he from time to time conducted, as chief administrator of the civic government he was able to see that these requirements were always properly looked after and supplied. Therefore a declaration of war on his part always found him quite prepared, and fully equipped for the service on hand.

It is much the fashion these days, and, it can truthfully be said, seems nearly always to have been the fashion in the beginning of the British wars, and perhaps always with some justice, to abuse the Government for whatever seems its criminal lack of foresight as regards the armament of the nation in the times of peace just preceding wars. If this has been the case with one British administration it has been the case with ten, and one naturally would think that as the nation grew older its administrations would grow wiser.

One must not conceive the idea though that this is a state of affairs peculiarly British. It is not so. Other nations in their time have also blundered, and sometimes even more woefully.

But there is, perhaps, much less excuse for a British Administration blundering. Great Britain during the past two centuries has, perhaps, been involved in more wars that assumed any magnitude than any other great Power in the world, and one might expect, naturally, from the experience gained in these, that by this time she would have learnt the great lesson, that preparedness beforehand means half the success of a campaign before it is begun.

But as we have just said, other nations have not been less short-sighted; and we may here quote a few instances.

When the Iron Chancellor, Bismarck, formally declared war in the name of Prussia and the Confederation of the German States against France, the French nation, that had once proudly stood upon the highest pinnacle among nations for military prowess, now found herself entirely in the hands of unskilful, romantic, and impracticable day dreamers. The advance preparation for any possible war was of so meagre a character, that so soon as the people in the street learnt the truth, they began one of their usual intensely farcical and undignified pastimes of chasing members of the Chamber of Deputies and Ministers of the Cabinet from one Government building to another, and thus brought about chaos where before there had only been neglect—neglect that might, if promptly taken hold of, after a fashion, have been remedied. It all ended that from an Empire France became a Republic.

A more recent instance of this kind is the condition the United States found themselves in, as regards their Army alone, after declaring war against Spain.

Their Navy was quite up to the mark in all respects, and, by-the-way, it may here be said that Navies generally are; but for the Army of 200,000 soldiers they so promptly mobilised there was the greatest lack of preparation.

New troops remained for weeks without uniforms; other troops were sent into a tropical country in clothes built for a climate that often fell below zero. Sufficient transports at first were unavailable, and then when put into service were handled most abominably.

In the American Civil War, so often compared to the present one, the greatest state of unpreparedness existed on both sides for over a year after hostilities had begun; and as for some of the individual blunders of former British administrations, the following clipping from the St. John's, New Brunswick, DAILY SUN sums up some of these both briefly, and with a keen closing observation:

"England failed to see Russia at the gates of Herat. She failed to see the peril of Gordon. Britain rested in fancied security while the slaughter of her Army was arranged in Afghanistan. She trusted the Sepoys until the last fatal day, when they began their work of butchery with the arms England had placed in their hands. The capacity of the British nation for going to sleep, and remaining asleep amid disturbances is astonishing. But the nation that sleeps well, and is not habitually given to panic, wakes to some purpose when the hour comes."

The reason for these continued mistakes, or rather blunders, to give them their proper name, is often indisputably owing to Armies having to depend nearly always upon civilian governments, according to the laws of statecraft, for what they may require.

The only way for blunders such as those that lay at the door of present and past British administrations to be obviated in the future will be for them to stick up in conspicuous positions in all our Government offices Napleon's terse, yet all-meaning motto: "In times of peace, prepare for war!" And then adhere to it.

MANY HAPPY RETURNS!

Being Something of Interest about Big People whose Birthdays happen this Week.

It is quite fitting that the eighth EARL OF ALBEMARLE, who completes his forty-second year on Friday, should now be in South Africa in command of the City of London Imperial Volunteers. The first Earl, Joost van Keppel, came over from Holland with William III., and was made a peer in 1696. The second earl was a noted soldier; the third earl captured Havana in 1762, and secured for himself prize-money amounting to £122,650, while the sixth Earl fought at Waterloo, and died a general.

The EARL OF GLASGOW, who becomes sixty-seven also on the last day of May, was once in the Royal Navy and, from 1892 to 1897, Governor of New Zealand. It was while there that he had a unique experience. Visiting the colony's great cattle show, he was tempted to admire a prize bull at very close quarters. The animal apparently resented such a liberty without a formal introduction, and, to cut a long story short, it tossed the Queen's representative back over the fence! Fortunately not the slightest hurt occurred.

The portraying of cats of all sorts and conditions has made the name of MADAME HENRIETTE RONNER, who celebrates her seventy-ninth birthday on May 31st, famous all over the world. She is a Belgian, living at Brussels, and only became an artist after marriage in order to supplement her husband's income. Madame's house is naturally full of cats, and it is by constantly watching their play that she is able to obtain ideas for her charming pictures. Curiously enough, she began by solely painting dogs.

It seems strange to have a Poet Laureate without a title, but the fact remains that MR. ALFRED AUSTIN, whose sixty-fifth birthday is on May 30th, has not yet been honoured with even a knighthood. He is so little and slight in figure that he has been nicknamed, "The Pocket Edition," and though a thorough sportsman, he prefers his garden to almost anything else. Mr. Austin was born in Leeds, his father being a wealthy merchant, and after trying the Bar for a time, he became a journalist and a poet.

Wednesday, May 30th, is the seventy-seventh birthday of LORD CROSS, who is a special favourite of the Queen, inasmuch as he superintends the private investments and other financial affairs of the "Countess of Balmoral." Both when he was in Parliament and now, when he is in the House of Lords, "the Grand Cross," as he has been called, is a delight to the caricaturists. In this connection it was reported some time ago that his lordship had presented Her Majesty with a bound volume of caricatures of himself!

Most successful poets generally live to a green old age, and MR. GERALD MASSEY, who becomes seventy-two on Tuesday, is evidently no exception to the rule. He was born of very poor parents at Tring, and when eight years old had to go and work at a silk mill. However, little Gerald learned to read and write, and then, at fifteen, went to London as an errand boy. After this, it is not surprising to learn that he was editing a paper at twenty-one. All Mr. Massey's poems and ballads are very earnest and very tender.

The DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND, who only succeeded to the title a few months ago, celebrates his fifty-fourth birthday on May 29th. His Grace is the greatest of English landowners, his property, amounting to 200,000 acres, being mainly in Northumberland, in which county he possesses five castles. In addition, he owns a considerable amount of land in London, and his whole income totals to £180,000 a year. Like his father, the Duke is an Irvingite in religion, and at the table one seat is always kept vacant for the Saviour.

On the same day, Monday, SIR ARTHUR ARNOLD completes his sixty-seventh year. He is a brother of Sir Edwin Arnold, and, like the latter, has been a great traveller. Though he has also been an editor, and has become known in connection with political affairs, Sir Arthur, as a young man, thought of becoming an architect. He attended a few of Mr. Ruskin's art lectures, but when the professor drew some vine leaves on a chalk-board and said, "A man who cannot draw like that should not think of becoming an architect," Sir Arthur turned elsewhere.

The title of LORD CAMPERDOWN, who celebrates his fifty-ninth birthday on May 28th, owes its origin to the famous battle of that name on October 11th, 1797, when his ancestor, Admiral Duncan, captured eight of the Dutch ships and broke the power of Holland. After the engagement, Duncan called the crew of his ship together, and, on bended knees, returned thanks to Him from whom all blessings flow. The scene so affected the captured Dutch admiral, who was present, that he threw himself on Duncan's shoulders and started slobbering. He was a brave man, nevertheless, and had fought his ship to the bitter end. Duncan was the present Lord Camperdown's great grandfather.

"ISN'T it a nuisance to have a treacherous memory?"

"Not always. Some days ago my wife told me not to forget to call a vet. for her poodle or it would die. I forgot."

"JOHN," said the boy's mother as she talked with him through the bars of his cell, "think of the disgrace you have brought upon us; and in your last letter you said you were coining money."

"So I was," said John, "that's what I'm in for."

YOUNG HOPEFUL: "Papa, I wish you would buy me a bow and arrow."

Papa: "It's only an hour ago since I bought you a kite."

Young Hopeful: "Th' kite's on top of a telegraph pole, and I want to shoot it down."

THE other evening, I overheard two ragged little fellows commenting on the style of dress worn by a young man.

"I suppose that's the latest fashion?" said one.

"Yes," answered the other; and then, after a slight pause, during which he ran his eye over his own and his companion's clothing, he said:

"I say, Billy, if rags were in fashion, what swells you an' me'd be!"

PEARSON'S

FREE FORTNIGHT IN PARIS.

EVERY fortnight we shall pick out some trade or business and give our free trip to that lucky individual who happens to be chosen by our readers as the most popular amongst them.

This week's offer is to

SHOP ASSISTANTS

who are not earning more than four pounds a week.

Collect voting papers from your friends, or get them to send them to us on your behalf. If you are a popular person no doubt your friends will, in some cases, send in unknown to you. Therefore do not be afraid to send to us what appears to be an insignificant number of votes. You may vote for yourself, of course.

The person who receives the greatest number of votes will be the winner, even if we only receive half-a-dozen in his favour.

In the case of a tie both will be sent to Paris. The only condition we attach to this offer is that the lucky individual shall send us a report upon his return, saying what his impressions have been, and what he has learnt in his own particular business that he did not know before.

Every other week we shall make this offer to the members of some particular business or industry.

The Pearson Tourist will not be put to one pennyworth of personal expense. We will pay all travelling expenses (second class) from home to home, even from the north of Scotland, or from Land's End. We will also pay all hotel bills.

An interpreter, in whom we have every confidence, will meet each Pearsonite in Paris, and, if necessary, be absolutely at his disposal whenever wanted.

We do not bind the winner to go at any stated time. He can suit his own convenience entirely.

GOOD ADVICE WORTH REMEMBERING.

Don't waste the voting paper appearing to-day. Please see if there is not someone who wants it.

If you want to know anything, send us a reply post-card, and we will give you an answer by return of post.

The Editor's decision must be final. He will admit no discussion once he has made an award.

Closing Day for Shop Assistants: Monday, June 4th.

A Competition similar to this appears to-day in the *Illustrated Weekly News*, only the offer is made to

WORKPEOPLE EMPLOYED IN FACTORIES.

Voting papers should be sent to us at once. Don't forget that. We will advertise every day in the *Daily Express* the names of the ten persons who lead the poll.

Pearson's

FREE FORTNIGHT

In Paris.

SHOP ASSISTANTS. No. 2.

I should like to register my vote in favour of

Name.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Fill this coupon in to-day, and post it to us.

THIS IS THE LAST OFFER TO SHOP ASSISTANTS.

Next week the offer will be made to all associated with Transportation—Bus and Cab Drivers, Railway Men, etc.

Everyone interested in the war should read "An Imperial Light Horseman." Price 6s.

By W. W. Greener.

Author of "Sharpshooting for Sport and War."

At the present time everybody in this country knows that each able-bodied citizen ought to become a rifle-shot. Lord Salisbury has said that he would like to see a rifle in every cottage in the land, and for everyone to have opportunities for practice with it near home.

No one wishes for more than that; no trusted leader of the people dare now express the hope for less. In fact, we already have been, and doubtless still shall be, so often reminded of our duty in this respect, that many to whom the use of the rifle is unknown may come to regard the call to "arm" much as they do a demand to pay rates and taxes.

Of all men I am the least likely to undervalue the worth of the rifle-shot to his country; but on this point I wish to say here that the man who thinks he is sacrificing time and money in learning to shoot makes a mistake. Practice at the butts, like attendance at a School Board, may be a service rendered to the community; but rifle-shooting, unlike the paying of taxes and serving upon a jury, is of itself the most pleasant amusement upon which a man can engage.

Drill, parade, field-days, and all else that is necessary to the military efficiency of the volunteer may be irksome or otherwise, but target-shooting is nothing but sport—and the best sport, too. Whilst I honour the volunteers and feel indebted to them—as all must—and do not even grudge a man taking credit to himself for knowing how to use the rifle, to my mind insistence upon this as a public service savours of cant, I hope to hear and read less of rifle-shooting as a duty, and more of it as

THE BEST OF SPORTS.

The chief reasons why rifle-shooting is not popular are the lack of range accommodation for practice, and the yearly gun license required from all who shoot; but these difficulties are to be removed, and the public encouraged to participate in what, it is hoped, will quickly prove to be the national pastime.

To all who as yet know nothing of the sport that is to be derived from target shooting I wish to point out in what it surpasses other amusements, and how the most can be made of it. The mere handling of a rifle is good exercise, and target-shooting, although it requires no special muscular energy, needs complete control of all muscles and nerves; work in the gymnasium and everything else that conduces to good health and fine temper makes successful marksmanship easier.

You may go about your daily labour, indulge in all out-door games and every manly recreation, go into hard training, or live an ordinary natural life, all without in any way spoiling yourself as a marksman. More than this, your practice at the target will give you better control over yourself and keep you "fit" for whatever business or recreation you have before you. Then target-shooting is a life-long sport; it is not for the young only, or even for the middle-aged; as long as you can see the target, or, with the optician's aid, can be made to see it, so long can you

GET PLEASURE OUT OF THE RIFLE.

To the rifle-shot as the years go on, with the larger knowledge gained of experience, their comes wider interest, keener enjoyment, and warmer enthusiasm for the sport that is a pleasure for all time. Some men have taken to target-shooting late in life, and have become good marksmen.

There is so much to learn, one cannot well begin too young. Whilst shooting, the eye and hand must be in perfect accord, and the brain must know that they are so; as practice for all skilled handicrafts shooting is therefore excellent.

The golfer, when driving or putting, and the billiard player, when making the stroke, require the same mastery of the hand; unlike them the shooter has to decide when to act, in this the pull on the trigger being like the batsman's "hit" at cricket. Good batting is the highest achievement in cricket, but for good marksmanship many more things have to be decided than present themselves to the batsman even though he have a "demon" bowler to circumvent.

Another attraction in shooting is its purely personal character. In football the result of your laziness or miscalculation may be nullified by the cleverness of your goal-keeper; in shooting the least mistake may lose you the greatest prize marksmen covet.

On the other hand, whatever you achieve is credited to you. An undeserving winner never yet carried off two prizes consecutively in any properly conducted competition. So the marksman, in so far as he puts his trust in anything, puts it in his own skill; from his sport he gets confidence in his own prowess; he becomes self-reliant and develops character.

There is a great deal to be observed, much to be learned, and many things to be considered before any man becomes a proficient shot with the rifle at long ranges. The more a man knows, and the fuller use he makes of what he knows, the better will be his score; but rifle shooting is not wholly a science, nor yet an art, or it would not be sport.

There is an element of luck in it, and that saving grace adds largely to the zest of target shooting. Chess is the king of games, chiefly because it depends upon individual knowledge and resource, but it is not a sporting game, as chance has no place in it. If, in the game, one or more pieces moved of their own accord to some other unknown square at some unknown time, and this might happen to either player or both, once or several times in a game, or in some games not happen at all, then chess playing would more nearly resemble target shooting.

With modern weapons and ammunition this element of chance has been reduced to a minimum, but it will never be wholly eliminated. For instance, the average of miss-fires is a fraction less than two in one million cartridges. You may get two miss-fires in one day, you may shoot for years without having one—both occurrences are very unlikely.

For a miss-fire in a competition, the shooter gets another cartridge, so the actual loss to him is infinitesimal. But there are hang-fires, in which the cap ignites the powder, but does not do so as quickly as ordinarily; the delay may be so great as to be appreciable to the shooter, it may be so slight as not to make itself known until

THE BULLET STRIKES THE TARGET

in that part outside the bull's-eye where it ought not to. There is no allowance for a hang-fire, and the hang-fire is much more frequent than the miss-fire, and is only one of the thousand little things which affect shooting, and cannot be wholly remedied, or allowed for in any way.

Generally these chances are against the shooter; when they combine and send a slightly wide shot into the centre, the shooter is apt to count that as due to his own skill. At other times the interference of the mischievous little god "luck" tries his temper.

It does not do to lose one's temper at the firing point, especially if there is more work to be done there, so the unlucky marksman saves up his indignation until he is crawling home in some belated suburban train and then impotently vents his rage upon the railway management.

Though an open air range is vastly the superior of an inclosed one, and if of 200 yards, much better than 100 yards, still, so far as sport is concerned, and given good rifles and ammunition, then as much amusement is to be had from a friendly contest with

YOUR NEIGHBOUR IN A BACK YARD

as at a thousand yards range with the army rifle.

Not only can much be learnt, but real work done at very short distances, with miniature targets. Practically the same skill is required, but not the same wide knowledge. You get the same elements of chance, but not the same variations of light, wind and air resistance which it is the expert's delight to master.

For beginners the short range is preferable, as the results are sooner verified and the spirit of competition is keener when each shooter sees at once what he and his opponent are doing. But to be content with shooting at short ranges and at screened butts is to forego the better, and, in the long run, more pleasurable, part of rifle shooting; to miss that fulness of enjoyment which the shooter experiences when the far-distant target is his only competitor—a competitor, try how much he may, the shooter will never vanquish.

As for shooting itself, it is pleasant. As rifles are now made, they do not shoot back—that is, there is no "kick," no bruised shoulder, no shrinking back from the recoiling weapon. It is not wearisome, for a comfortable position is needed if good shooting is sought. There is no smoke, there should be no headache, no strained muscles, and, although an afternoon's shooting in a competition will tire a man, it is merely tiredness of shooting, and any other recreation may at once be taken up with freshness and vigour.

For many reasons I think every pleasure-ground ought to have its range for the practice of rifle shooting. There should be a range near every cricket field and on all football grounds. Rifle-shooting and play need not go on at the same time, but everyone who is interested in athletics ought to recognise that it is better to do than always to look on, and that rifle-shooting is the one sport in which every able-bodied man can take part, and is handicapped neither by age nor weight.

Target-shooting for many is of itself sufficient sport; the best men need no prizes by way of encouragement, only friendly rivalry with their equals. As a means of making money, I fear rifle-shooting will be at a disadvantage, and I hope that the largest money rewards will always be reserved for the Volunteers, who hitherto have had little encouragement to become generally skilful with the best of weapons. Professionalism none need fear.

In target-shooting there cannot be "roping," and the opportunities for fraud are few. To succeed, a man must be temperate and cultivate a habit of self-control. At target-shooting one cannot show off; it is not the rule to bet. No one but a beginner would recklessly back himself to make a particular shot, and the cocksure beginner who backs himself to make a high score may well be allowed to do so—until he loses conceit in himself.

If, after reading this article, you feel that you would like to have a try with the rifle, then tell the secretary of Pearson's Rifle Clubs, Henrietta Street, W.C., that you want to join a club.

"The Queen!"

The Queen's favourite song is "Robin Adair."

The Queen's regulations are our Army's laws.

The Queen signs all State papers at the top.

The Queen has a great attachment for old servants.

"The Queen" is the only toast at a regimental mess.

The Queen can declare war, but cannot vote the supplies.

The Queen's birthday is when Tommy Atkins first wears his new clothing.

The Queen is fond of reviews, but not of hearing salutes.

The Queen is the most successful exhibitor at cattle shows.

The Queen gave her name to the colony of Victoria in 1851.

The Queen's cups are personal gifts, but Queen's plates, for racing, are voted in Parliament.

The Queen's name was assumed by the Royal Victoria Yacht Club in 1844.

The Queen's name may be used in trade without appointment, but not so the Queen's arms.

The Queen had five marriages arranged for her by William IV., in none of which she was betrothed.

The Queen reached her seventeenth year during the first visit that Prince Albert paid to England.

The Queen has never seen any part of her dominions except the British Isles.

The Queen's Bodyguard of Scotland is the Royal Company of Archers.

The Queen has sixty-five aides-de-camp — fifty military and fifteen naval.

The Queen has four foreign messengers, each of whom receives £400 per year.

The Queen's Prize at Bisley consists of £250 and the National Rifle Association's Gold Medal.

The Queen's colour is carried by every regular battalion in addition to that of the regiment.

The Queen in the early part of her reign frequently appeared at reviews in a Windsor uniform, and wearing a military cap.

The Queen's soldier son, the Duke of Connaught, is the only officer who has served in the Cavalry, Artillery, Engineers and Infantry.

"The Queen's Own" is borne by the following Yeomanry regiments: The Dorset, West Kent, Lanarkshire, Oxfordshire, Staffordshire, Worcestershire, and Yorkshire.

The Queen's cups are most prized of all yachting trophies; last year Her Majesty gave five, two of which were to Irish clubs.

The Queen's Bodyguard consists of the Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, numbering forty-nine military officers and one civilian.

We Pay £2,000 Insurance

475 INSURANCE CLAIMS HAVE BEEN PAID.

(Including one of a Thousand Pounds.)

This Insurance holds good for any number of claims to the extent of £2,000—not for one only. £2,000 specially guaranteed by the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation Limited, 40, 42, and 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to whom notice of claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address. Insurance ticket, applicable to passenger trains in Great Britain and Ireland, issued under section 33 of the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act, 1890.

TWO THOUSAND POUNDS

will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger (including holders of season and excursion tickets, and post-office officials in any of the railway sorting vans, and railway servants travelling with pass or railway servants' ticket in an ordinary carriage), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on the first page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided at the foot. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum will be paid to the legal representatives of such person injured should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that notice of the accident be given within three days of its occurrence.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to whomsoever the Editor of *Pearson's Weekly* may decide to be Next-of-kin of any cyclist who meets his death by an accident while actually riding a cycle, provided that deceased at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on the first page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature written in ink or pencil on the space provided at the foot, and that death occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address, within three days of its occurrence.

The above conditions are the essence of the contract.

This insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890, Risks No. 2 and 3.

The Purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 34 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

N.B.—Subscribers who have duly paid a twelve-months' subscription for PEARSON'S WEEKLY in advance to their newsagent, or to the publishers, need not, during the period covered by their subscription, clip the coupon, or carry the paper on their person. It is only necessary to forward the newsagent's receipt to the publisher of the paper, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and a certificate will be sent in exchange.

Feeding Plants Through Tubes.

A NEW METHOD OF FORCING GROWTH.

A PLAN has lately been perfected for forcing the growth of almost any form of plant life to the extent that the result of several years' progress by natural growth are accomplished in one season.

The plan is simply to supply directly to the roots of the plant, tree, or shrub the chemicals needed in its growth, and thus saving the growing thing the trouble of extending its roots out through a broad space of ground for the natural sources.

To thus supply the nutriment a utensil is employed into which the chemicals are supplied from the surface, and the storage chamber becomes surrounded with a thick growth of roots that feed on the chemicals as they filter through the "machine."

During last summer the process was tried on a rose bush. Two bushes, each a year old, were taken for the test. One that was planted under as favourable natural conditions as possible grew to the height of three feet and bore seven blossoms. The second, equipped with the automatic forcer, grew to over fifteen feet in height and bore 2,000 blossoms.

The bush was hardy, and, having stood unprotected during the winter, gives promise of even greater results during the coming season. The growth of fifteen feet was secured in three months and showed a record of twenty-six inches in seven days. This is a case of where a man might sit in his garden, and grow "a shade" fast enough to make it unnecessary for him to move out of the sunlight.

The idea of such a system of growing plants was suggested by the way roots seek the sides of the pots in which they are planted. They do this invariably, and become matted round the outside of the earth in which they are planted. It is claimed that this is due to the absorption of the nutriment and moisture from the earth into the porous material of which the pot is made.

In the present system the scheme is reversed, the nutriment and moisture being supplied from the centre. This causes the roots to form in a thick ball round the source of supply. The small growth required by the roots makes it possible for them to send a much larger amount of nutriment into the trunk, leaves, flowers, or fruit, if it be a fruit-bearing variety.

The system possesses the further advantage that moisture is stored during a rainy time for use during a drought. Every sort of plant, shrub, or tree may be treated by this plan with, it is believed, satisfactory results.

"Do you know," he said, "that every time I look at you I have thoughts of revenge?"

"Why," she gasped.

"Because," he answered, "revenge is sweet."

Then she told him she thought to-morrow would be as good a time as any to see papa.

RESULT OF PICTURE RIDDLES.

No competitors succeeded in naming all the correct solutions to these puzzles. Mr. W. H. H. Judd and Mrs. C. M. Judd, Lothian Lodge, Hampton Hill, Middlesex, were most nearly correct, and the £50 has consequently been divided between them. Each of the next fifty competitors have been awarded a consolation prize.

In checking the attempts the general idea of the reply was taken in each case—the exact wording of each reply was not necessary. Those answers, however, were counted wrong which were given only in part.

The key is as follows:

1. It wants re-seipting (re-seating).
2. It has lost its crown.
3. The one fingers the leaves, the other leaves the fingers.
4. A step-father.
5. Wat Tyler, Will Rufus.
6. It is floating alone (a loan).
7. It crosses the line, and extends from pole to pole.
8. It has a head on one side and a tail on the other.
9. Dictates, Howitt, Burns.
10. He is alone (a loan) on public property.
11. It contains the ashes of the grate (great).
12. It is out for the day.
13. It would not do for them to fall out.
14. It is high breed (bred).
15. They are too long (Toulon) and too loose (Toulouse).
16. We lick the one with a stick and stick the other with a lick.
17. They represent fortunes (four tunes).
18. It is making a far thing present.
19. A prickly pear (pair).
20. It is done with the pen.
21. Because he presents a bold front, and does not show his hand.
22. A tail I could unfold.
23. It is the sun's (son's) reflection on a quiet rain (reign).
24. It is a fowl (foul) proceeding.
25. She is a good looking lass.
26. It gambols (gambles) in front of a Paradise (pair o' dice), and can peg into a number of holes.
27. The pupils are kept in darkness and guarded by the lash.
28. The only copy (kopje) he sees is occupied by columns of French.
29. It was shelled, White was inside, and it couldn't be beaten.
30. It soars through the wood.
31. They are under arms.
32. When it begins lightening.
33. It has been presented and discharged.
34. His sole object is to beat the others.
35. It has M.P. at the end of its name.
36. He's got the sack.
37. Its ascent (it's a cent).
38. Because she has (a) brood (brewed).
39. He is continually striking for more wages.
40. They are British Magazines, the contents of which go off without any puff.

A Mistaken Sign.

THE only daughter of the King of Wurtemberg, Princess Pauline, always dresses particularly plainly and modestly.

A few years ago, when taking a walk in the park at Ludwigsburg, she was not recognised by a sentinel, who did not present arms.

A sergeant, some distance away, at once made signs to the trooper to call his attention to the fact that the Princess was passing.

The sentinel, not understanding the signs, and thinking he was rendering a service to his superior, called out to the Princess:

"I say, miss, the sergeant over there wants to speak to you."

Do You Want a Bicycle?

IF you want a bicycle absolutely free of charge, we can put you in the way of getting it.

In the first place, you must understand that this bicycle is given away by the A.B. Cycle Company simply to induce people to benefit the FRESH AIR FUND by sending along donations.

Now, all you have to do is to go round to your friends and ask them for a few coppers for the FRESH AIR FUND. You can start the list yourself with something substantial, or not, just as you like. Anyway, go along collecting for four weeks from now, and then send the whole amount into us. If it is the biggest sum received we will give you a brand new bicycle, whether you be a lady or a gentleman.

All the money which comes to hand will be placed to the credit of the Fresh Air Fund, and every competitor who sends in a pound or more will receive a gold-plated pencil-case.

We would also point out the fact that even if the largest amount received is thirty shillings, or even twenty-five shillings, or even ten shillings, the bicycle will be given away just the same.

Now, surely, with these bright summer days coming along, you will want a good machine, and here is the opportunity of getting one with practically no trouble at all.

Send along at once for a subscription list, which also contains particulars of the Fresh Air Fund, its aims and objects, and then ask your kind-hearted friends what they think they can do towards helping you to get that bicycle.

All amounts must reach this office not later than June 26th, in envelopes marked "BICYCLE."

£3,350 IN CASH PRIZES.

A Few of the Principal Prize-Winners last time were:

£100 in Cash.—WILLIAM SILL, 12 Winstanley Place, Bouston, near Kendal, Westmoreland.

£30 in Cash.—VALENTINE GAMBRILL, Monks Horton, Kent.

£15 in Cash.—OWEN OWENS, Maidwyn Stores, Llandegfan, Menai Bridge.

£10 in Cash.—H. L'ESTRANGE BURGESS, Bayham House, Sevenoaks.

In the first place make up the best sentence you can out of six words, each word commencing with a letter of *"WARREN."* Thus, for example: "*W*hen *A* *R*ough *R*ider *E*ntered *N*atal." You can cut out and use the following form if you like.

Be sure and mark envelope, left-hand top corner, "P.W.," and forward to A.B. Cycle Co. Ltd., 59—69 Chancery Lane, Holborn.

I* _____ of† _____

hereby declare that the sentence below is the only one I have sent in for this competition.

W	A	R	R
E	N	Date of posting	

* State whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss. † Full address to insure result reaching you.

SORRY POSSIBLY TO SENDOUT TWO PENNY STAMPS.

COMPETITION CLOSES ON FRIDAY, JUNE 15, 1900.

We will give you full details of the above cash prizes, in which there is nothing to pay for any prize, and where every competitor is a Cash Prize-winner, when we send you the results of this Competition, in which for the best solution we offer:—

A £23 A.B. CYCLE FREE.

AND FURTHER PRIZES OF

2nd Class Prizes—£23 Cycle for ... £9
3rd Class Prizes—£23 Cycle for ... £10
4th Class Prizes—£23 Cycle for ... £11
5th Class Prizes—£23 Cycle for ... £12
6th Class Prizes—£23 Cycle for ... £13
Consolation Prizes—£23 Cycle for ... £14

49 CYCLES HAVE BEEN WON FREE OF COST. Full Names and Addresses can be had on application.

☞ ***TAKE PARTICULAR NOTICE.—Competition is NOW OPEN, and CLOSES on FRIDAY, JUNE 15th, 1900.***

Enclose two penny stamps for postage of Result of Competition. As so few are able to call and inspect the machines, **we guarantee to refund the full amount paid for any prize if the owner is not perfectly satisfied** with it on arrival. Results will be declared as soon as possible. Prizes unclaimed in a week or ten days are forfeited.

£100 IF you can purchase our cheapest machine, brand new, from us, or an agent, dealer, shipper, or factor, can buy one, for less than Fifteen Sovereigns, we will promptly hand you a Hundred Pound Bank of England Note.

Send your reply immediately to the Managing Director, Marking your Envelope, "P.W."

A.B. CYCLE CO. Ltd., 59, 60, 67, 68 & 69 CHANCERY LANE, HOLBORN, W.C.

HOME NOTES PAGE.

A Page More Particularly for Ladies.

Isobel will be glad to answer, in this page, questions of general interest upon household matters, so far as space permits. Envelopes should be marked Home Notes.

Egg Shells should never be thrown away; keep them to put in the stock pot, as they greatly help to clarify the soup.

Before Laying Carpets, it is a good plan to sprinkle black pepper or tobacco over the floor. This will keep away the moth.

Your Brown Bread should be kneaded more thoroughly, then set to rise, worked up gently into loaves, and allowed to rise again before baking. Your failure is because the yeast is not evenly mixed with the meal. (*Reply to* Grundy.)

Angel's Food. Dissolve threequarters of an ounce of gelatine in a quart of milk. Beat together the yolks of three eggs and the juice of one lemon. Add this to the milk and gelatine as soon as the latter is melted; let this come nearly to the boil. When nearly cold whip the whites of eggs to a stiff froth and stir through the custard. Pour into a wetted mould; turn out when set.

A Lemonade which is easily made and excellent is prepared as follows. Slice a lemon thinly and put it into a basin with half a teaspoonful of citric acid and half a pound of loaf sugar. Then pour over all a quart of boiling water. Stir till the sugar is dissolved and then allow the syrup to settle. When cold, drink one part lemonade to two parts of soda water, barley water, or plain water.

For the Dandruff, inquiry should be first made concerning the general health of the sufferer. The nearer the body can be kept to the standard of perfect good health, the less likely is dandruff to appear. An excellent local application is sweet almond oil rubbed into the scalp. About once a fortnight shampoo the head with the yolk of an egg beaten up in a pint of soft water, finally rinsing with plenty of cold water. (*Reply to* W. B.)

A Picnic Veal Pie. Take some cold roast veal with some stuffing, mince it, and mix with it one-third of its weight of boiled ham, pepper, salt, cayenne, finely chopped herbs, and four well-beaten eggs mixed with a little veal stock or gravy. Line an open tart tin with pastry, fill it in with the mixture, over which pour two more beaten eggs, cover with pastry, trim the edges, glaze and decorate the top, and bake in a moderate oven till the pastry is quite cooked. Serve cold.

An Excellent Starch for Collars, etc., is made as follows: Dissolve a teaspoonful of borax in half a teacupful of boiling water and add to it a pint of cold starch. Strain and use in the general way, then place the collars and cuffs on a clean bare board or table, slightly damp the surface of the linen with clean rag, then polish with the heel of the polishing iron. If the iron be moderately hot, and a firm even pressure be used, a beautiful polish will be obtained. (*Reply to* Walkley.)

The Food that Feeds the Brain. It is well-known that fish should be included in our diet at least twice weekly. It is extremely beneficial to the brain, on account of the phosphorous it contains. But some people's ideas of "fish" never get beyond a boiled haddock or a fried sole. It behoves all good housewives then to obtain this week's Home Notes, for a little booklet giving over a hundred recipes for cooking fish is given away with every copy. You cannot obtain this booklet except by purchasing Home Notes, so you must on no account miss the current issue. It is only one penny as heretofore.

Your Round Shoulders should receive immediate attention, for the contracted chest accompanying them is a serious matter, and lays the seed of consumption and other chest complaints. The following easy chest expander will suit your purpose. I have used it and advocated its use for years with marked success. Procure about three yards of unbleached furniture webbing one inch and a half wide. Place this behind the back and draw the ends to the front beneath the armpits. Throw the ends over the shoulders cross them behind the back, then bring under the armpits again and fasten at the waist in front. A buckle is a convenient fastener for this. Do not draw the strap too tight at first but gradually tighten it, as you grow used to the treatment. If the pressure under the arms causes soreness, sew on a little pad of wadding where necessary. (*Reply to* E. Cottingham.)

To Destroy Snails in your garden, arrange little heaps of bran, and cover with pieces of broken flower-pot. Snails always come to bran, so can be picked up and destroyed.

New Potato Salad. Take some small round potatoes, boil them, skin and cut in slices. Just before serving, pour over some Tartare sauce, and sprinkle over all chopped parsley.

Coffee Cream Ice. Make a little very strong coffee. It should be freshly ground and without chicory. Add this to a pint of cream, sweeten to taste and freeze. (*Reply to* Eldora.)

Plain Currant Loaf. Work six ounces of washed and picked currants, three ounces of sugar, and two of clarified beef dripping into two pounds of dough. Set to rise, and bake in a square bread tin.

An Insect Powder which is worth making for household use is the flowers of pyrethrum roseum—a red flowered pyrethrum; dry them thoroughly, and reduce to fine powder by pounding. Those who have gardens will do well to grow this useful plant.

This Stimulating Hair Wash will, I hope, suit your purpose. Put a small handful of box leaves into a covered jar—a teapot—pour over them a pint of boiling water. Let it remain till cold, when strain, and add two ounces of Jamaica rum. Shake, place in a bottle, and it is ready for use.

Rhubarb Cheesecakes. Stew a bunch of rhubarb till soft, beat well with a fork, drain all the liquor away, add the juice and grated rind of two lemons, sweeten to taste, add a little nutmeg and three well-beaten eggs. Pour all into a paste-lined dish, and bake for three-quarters of an hour in a moderate oven. Turn out, and serve cold.

Ink Can be Removed from Paper if the stain is not too old, as follows: Take a teaspoonful of chlorinated lime and add to it sufficient water to cover it. Take a soft cloth, moisten it with the mixture and pat (do not rub) the stain gently and it will slowly disappear. If one application is not sufficient try another. (*Reply to* A. R. P.)

Stale Cake Pudding. A delicious pudding may be made by using crumbs of stale cake or even breadcrumbs. Grease a pie-dish, place a layer of crumbs in it, then a layer of raspberry jam. Continue putting in these alternate layers, until the dish is full. Pour one pint and a half of nearly boiling milk on two beaten eggs, and when mixed pour slowly over the pudding. Bake very slowly till all is set, but not turned to whey. Turn out when cold and eat with custard sauce.

Grilled Ham and Green Peas is a dish that my readers should indulge in directly the delicate green peas are plentiful. One pound of ham, one pint of peas, one ounce of butter, half an ounce of flour, a few tinned tomatoes, and one gill of stock are the necessary ingredients for this dish. First heat the tomatoes in the stock and rub through a wire sieve. Melt the butter in a stew-pan, stir in the flour, add the tomatoes and stock. Mix all till boiling, add the young peas and cook all gently for a quarter of an hour, and season with pepper, salt and squeeze of lemon juice. Cut the ham in thin slices. Make a frying-pan very hot over the fire and cook the ham in it for about five minutes. Place the peas, etc., on a hot dish and arrange the slices of ham on the top.

To Make Piccalilli is perfectly easy, if you have a good recipe. The following has been appreciated by my readers in previous years: Slice a sound, white-hearted cabbage and a white beetroot, divide a cauliflower into small branches, take a few gherkins and kidney beans. Lay all the vegetables on a sieve, scatter them with salt, and expose them to the sun for two or three days. By this time the water will be extracted from the vegetables. Then lay in a stone jar, scatter mustard seed freely over them. To each gallon of best vinegar add one ounce and a half of turmeric and three ounces of sliced garlic. Boil all together, and while the liquor is still hot pour it on the vegetables. Let them remain ten days or a fortnight near the fire the top of the jar covered closely with paper. By this time the vegetables will have become quite yellow, and have taken up a large quantity of vinegar. Then boil three quarts of white wine vinegar with one ounce and a half of white pepper, one ounce and a half of mace, one ounce and a half each of nutmeg, cloves, and long pepper for ten minutes. Skim thoroughly, and pour over the pickle. Tie the jar down tightly with bladder. (*Reply to* Jackson.)

Isobel

1900. April.	May.	June.	July.	August.	September.	October.	November.
W 1 8 15 22 29	W 6 13 20 27	F 1 8 15 22 29	M 1 8 15 22 29	W 1 8 15 22 29	S 1 8 15 22 29	M 1 8 15 22 29	T 1 8 15 22 29
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M 5 12 19 26	M 4 11 18 25	W 6 13 20 27	F 5 12 19 26	M 5 12 19 26	T 5 12 19 26	F 5 12 19 26	T 5 12 19 26
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T 8 15 22 29	T 7 14 21 28	S 2 9 16 23 30	T 1 8 15 22 29	T 1 8 15 22 29	M 1 8 15 22 29	T 1 8 15 22 29	F 1 8 15 22 29
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HINTS TO SMALL INVESTORS.

Under this heading we reply to letters upon subjects connected with the investment of money. Careful consideration is given to every question submitted to us. Letters to be answered in the next possible issue must reach us not later than the first post on Tuesday morning, and be addressed to the Investment Editor, "Pearson's Weekly," Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

"There never was a time when small investors could put out their money to better advantage than at present," was a statement made in *Pearson's Weekly* some weeks ago. The same conditions exist at time of writing this article; but readers will do well to bear in mind that safe shares will not remain so cheap as they now are for much longer. Indeed, even at present, rates are falling in the Money Market, and, of course, if money cannot be lent at high interest in the open market, the Stock Markets must be resorted to as a quarter where a substantial yield can be obtained on capital. This, added to the approach of the settlement in South Africa, suggests that the long-delayed revival of business is not far off.

It will not take prices more than a day or two to run up all along the line. Needless to say the public will then rush in. It is their way. And yet people wonder why the man on the spot makes more money than outsiders. It is simply due to the fact that he is wise enough to buy at times like the present, and hold on patiently till more active business causes an advance. For several weeks sound preference and, in some cases ordinary shares have been referred to in this column as suitable investments. As a rule they are such as can be easily bought or sold in the open market; and that is a point worth bearing in mind.

Here are a few likely investments which readers may add to those previously given in *Pearson's Weekly*. They may be taken as pretty secure and likely to rise during the year. Ingersoll Sergeant Drill Co. Ltd. Preference shares yield £4 8s. 3d. per cent. at present price; Jay's Ltd. Preference £4 1s. 6d. per cent.; Hovis Bread, £7½; Liebig Extract of Meat Ordy., £4 14s. 3d.; Maple and Co. Ordy., £4 17s. 6d.; J. C. and J. Field Preference £5 0s. 9d. per cent., and S. Frost and Co. Preference, £5 7s. 6d. There are even amply secured debentures yielding 4 per cent. and upwards to be obtained just now, notably Bovril Debentures yielding £4 8s. 3d. per cent., Borax Debentures yielding £4 8s. 9d. per cent., and British Oil Cake debentures yielding £4 4s. 6d. per cent.

Boulder Perseverance, Kalgurli South, and Metropolitans are among the shares being quietly picked up by certain individuals "in the know" in the Westralian market. But Westralians generally are full of pitfalls for the small investor. Some of the bigger companies are dangerous to touch just now, and as for Associateds they have become the gambling counter of an unscrupulous crowd. The London and Globe Finance Corporation shares are risky, as are most of the Whittaker Wright group; whilst Mr. Bottomley's interests have quite stuck in the mud.

Tramway and Omnibus shares are not receiving the attention they deserve. The London Road Car Company shares at about £10 yield over 5¼ per cent., and the company is doing well. The Provincial Tramways Company's Preference shares pay nearly 5 per cent. to shareholders at present price, and, in addition to the Ordinary, have received a yield of nearly 6½ per cent. British Electric Traction Company Preference yield nearly 4½ per cent.

Small investors are continually asking an opinion on the London Cab Company, a concern which offers absurdly high interest on deposits. Needless to say, it is extremely risky to deposit money with companies of this class at abnormal interest, and those small investors who have done so have certainly risked their savings.

PERSONAL ADVICE TO INVESTORS.

F. R.—Better not buy British Americas. Nigel Deep and Johannesburg Consolidated may be bought.——J. H. F.—We do not recommend Association you mention.——M. A. N. (Chester) should have sent name and address as guarantee of good faith, not for publication.—J. O'C. (Co. Cork.)—Send more particulars.——X. Y. Z.—Send further particulars.——H. J. T.—See above.——E. D. B.—Hold Aurora West. The others are a poor investment, but are sure to go higher than the present miserable quotation.——H. S.—Take surrender value. You were foolish to have joined the scheme.——R. P.—We do not recommend the Trust you name.——O. P. Q.—Better get a more useful broker.——G. A. R.—Better put it in P. O. Savings Bank till it increases.——P. J. F.—A fair investment; but there are better.——W. W.—A poor selection. The African shares are the most likely.——"Novice."—Had better sell and buy sound industrial shares.——F. E.—Better hold your White Feather shares for the moment.—H. H.—Know nothing of such a company.——A. T.—Sell through a broker.——H. M.—Disapprove of the bank for deposits.——C. E. T.—No.——A. W.—Hold Chartered and Weldegechts, but not the others.——A. R. M.—We do not recommend Home Rails.——J. E. K.—The shares are not quoted.——A. E.—You can buy them at about 1½.——W. R. J.—Buy Hermann Preference, but not the others.——E. M. B.—No.——"Business Man."—No.——E. G.—We do not think much of the companies you mention, and you would do better to put your money elsewhere.——A. H. K.—Hold all the shares, they are likely to rise soon.——J. M. W.—It is a fair investment, and if you can hear of nothing better put your money into it.——E. M. T.—Do not sell unless you absolutely must, as there is every prospect of an advance in the immediate future.——J. L.—We cannot recommend any of the shares you name. All of them are rather risky.——T. P.—We hardly like to advise you on the matter, but will do so if you send a stamped envelope for reply.

POSTAL RATES.

Name of Publication.	One Year	Half Year	3 Months
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Pearson's Weekly	8 8	4 4	2 2
Home Notes	8 8	4 4	2 2
Short Stories	6 6	3 3	1 8
The Sunday Reader	8 8	4 4	2 2
M. A. P.	6 6	3 3	1 8
Illustrated Weekly News	6 6	3 3	1 8
Pearson's Magazine	9 0	4 6	2 3
Royal Magazine	6 6	3 3	1 8
Dressmaking at Home	3 6	—	—
Home Cookery	3 6	—	—

War Pictures, 2½d. per copy, post free.

ALL POST FREE.

EIFFEL TOWER LEMONADE

38 MILLIONS OF LEMONS

Were used last year in the Manufacture of "Eiffel Tower" Lemonade.

The Manufacturers of "Eiffel Tower" Lemonade are the largest users of Lemons in the world for making Lemonade.

"Eiffel Tower" Lemonade is made from Messina Lemons, **the Finest Lemons in the World;** the great advantage is, that it is partly manufactured right in the midst of the Lemon Orchards. The Lemons are taken straight from the trees to the factory sheds, to commence their transformation into "Eiffel Tower" Lemonade. The rich fragrant flavouring properties of the Lemon are retained and sent over to England in specially prepared hermetically sealed vessels, while the worthless pulp is thrown away.

The method employed in the manufacture of "Eiffel Tower" Lemonade not only secures the finest Lemonade it is possible to make, but enables it to be sold at the remarkable price of

TWO GALLONS FOR 4½d.

If you should have any difficulty in obtaining "Eiffel Tower" Lemonade, a

FREE SAMPLE,

sufficient to make one pint, or a 4½d. bottle sufficient to make two gallons, can be obtained direct from the manufacturer, G. Foster Clark and Co., 27 "Eiffel Tower" Factory, Maidstone. It is more satisfactory to write for a 4½d. bottle, as the bottles being air-tight usually make up rather better than the free sample.

300 BOTTLES ARE GIVEN AWAY WEEKLY

The Firm has adopted the following novel method to induce everybody to try their Lemonade. The first fifty letters opened every day not only have the Lemonade sent by return post, but the stamps are also returned to the fortunate applicants.

Insist upon having "Eiffel Tower" Lemonade when you ask for it, as its great success has brought out many inferior imitations, which are sometimes offered to the public for the sake of extra profit, but only cause disappointment to the purchaser.

EIFFEL TOWER LEMONADE

Five Symptoms:

And What They Indicate.

Flatulence. Flatulence arises from an excessive rancid action on food on the part of the digestive functions, by which a great deal of expansive gas and wind is created. There is, in fact, too much energetic action on the part of a portion of the digestive processes, which Guy's Tonic is soon able to bring under control. Rev. Father Ignatius writes from Llanthony Abbey: "Father Ignatius encloses postal orders for "the two bottles of Guy's Tonic sent. Guy's Tonic has been very much blessed by "God to the brother for whom it was ordered, and who was suffering from almost "entire inability to eat, Flatulence, Water-brash, and Sickness."

Nausea. Nausea is a feeling of sickness produced by the Food disagreeing with the Stomach in consequence of the debilitated condition of this organ and inactivity of the Liver. Guy's Tonic tones up the Stomach, improving the flow and quality of the gastric juice. Guy's Tonic also contains certain properties peculiarly akin to the gastric juice, and is thus able to actually help in the work of digestion itself. The Liver Symptoms then disappear, simply because they cannot exist when the digestion is good. Miss Janet Dickson, of Milburn, Southwick, Dumfries, writes: "Please send "me another bottle of Guy's Tonic. I feel much better already from taking the one I "got. I have been a martyr for years to Indigestion and Biliousness, and at times "very Sick, vomiting everything I ate, and sometimes the Sickness would continue for "weeks at a time. I was beginning to give up all hopes of ever getting any medicine "to do me any good; and so when I saw Guy's Tonic advertised I resolved to try it, "and I am happy to say it has had the desired effect."

Heartburn. "Heartburn is a very common Symptom of Indigestion. Taken immediately after each meal, Guy's Tonic mixes in the Stomach with the food you have eaten and helps to digest it. It further stimulates a flow of gastric juice, and increases the efficiency of the digestive functions themselves. Food is, therefore, enjoyed because digestion is easy and natural. This does away with Pain and Discomfort after meals —Heartburn, Acidity, Wind, and Waterbrash. Mrs. J. Anderson writes from Tate's Avenue, Belfast: "Guy's Tonic gives me such a feeling of relief when taken after "Food. Since writing you a few days' ago I have finished the bottle of Guy's Tonic, "and I feel even better than I did when I wrote you last. The pain and weight after "Food are gradually getting less; sometimes I do not feel any Discomfort at all, and "people tell me how much better I am looking."

Loss of Appetite. It may be taken for granted that if you have not a good Appetite at regular intervals you have not a well-balanced Digestion. Your digestion is also weak or debilitated if you fail to enjoy your Food. Mr. W. Campbell Muir, of Inistrynich, Dalmally, N.B., writes: "For four months I was suffering from Nausea, Flatulence, and Depression. Occasionally "three days would pass without my having eaten solid food. "I tried various remedies, which did good for a day or two, but the effects were not "permanent. I thought at last I would try Guy's Tonic, and with great pleasure I "have to inform you that I had only taken half a bottle before my Appetite returned, "the Flatulence disappeared, and I am now as well as ever."

Nervousness. A person whose Digestion is Weak becomes Nervous and generally run down because the Body is ill-nourished, and suffers from what is known as malnutrition—the Nerves in particular. Guy's Tonic exerts a constitutional tonic power which is restorative of waning Nerve Strength by its stimulative action upon the assimilative tissues of the Body, whose office it is to create nourishment for the Nerves out of the Food you eat and should digest. Mr. W. W. Waterhouse, of Wombwell, near Barnsley, writes: "For the past four years I have suffered from that terrible "malady, Nervous Debility, not being able to do a day's work in that time. It is "with great pleasure now that I bear my testimony to Guy's Tonic. It is a wonderful "medicine—a great discovery. I write thankfully, feeling its Benefits."

A new size (Six Ounce) Bottle of Guy's Tonic, price 1s. 1½d., is now on Sale at all Chemists and Stores.

Illustrated Weekly News.

ONE PENNY.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.

The Editor of PEARSON'S WEEKLY

Speaks of Dr. Horn's work on the Hair thus:

"Baldness is a condition displeasing to everybody, and we are all anxious to avoid it. If you wish to know how to take care of your hair or to make it grow again, you cannot do better than place yourself in the hands of O. E. Horn, D.Sc., of Bournemouth. This gentleman is one of those public benefactors —few in number—who have made a deep study of the human head ornament, and what he can accomplish in that direction is not to be set forth in one paragraph. A mere cursory perusal of his little book on "Baldness and Greyness" will be a recommendation more than sufficient for those who know the value of a good head of hair."

Price of Book, 1/- post free, above address.

SULPHOLINE LOTION,

For clearing the Skin from Spots, Blemishes, Redness, Roughness, giving a Beautiful Complexion and pleasing appearance.

SHILLING BOTTLES.

CIGARES DE JOY

(The Medicated Smoke of Joy's Cigarettes).

Immediately Relieve

ASTHMA WHEEZING CHRONIC BRONCHITIS.

Box of 25, 2/6, Post Free from WILCOX & Co., 49 Haymarket, S.W., or of all Chemists and Stores.

As a safe, Permanent, and Warranted Cure for Blotches, Spots, Pimples, Sores of all kinds, Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Bad Legs, and all Skin and Blood Diseases, we can with confidence recommend

Clarke's Blood Mixture

It is certainly the finest Blood Purifier that science and medical skill have brought to light, and therefore is a real specific for Rheumatism and Gout. It has stood the test for 30 years, and the thousands of wonderful cures effected by it have stamped it as one of the most extraordinary medicines of modern times. Sold by chemists, &c., throughout the world, at 2s. 9d. per bottle. Beware of worthless imitations and substitutes.

CONVICTIONS AND SENTENCES.

F. C. P. is curious to know whether the children of other nations are brought up in the belief that theirs is the greatest country in the world.——Unquestionably the people of other countries believe that their own land is the greatest in some respect or other, and they keep some particular fact constantly in mind and conveniently neglect all other circumstances. Thus, the Spaniards can hardly boast that Spain is a big power or that it is commercially great, but they no doubt find it convenient to forget the present and think only of the glorious past. In their eyes, Spain is the greatest country because of its history. In Russia, the feeling most probably is that the land of the Tsar is the greatest because its extent is so vast and because Russians dream that their country is destined to top all others at some future date. The human mind is strange, and although it may seem absurd to you that a Dane, for instance, should have an exalted opinion about the greatness of his country, yet to him it would appear just as absurd that you should hold any other opinion.

THE chance of a free fortnight in Paris has had an exhilarating effect upon the spirits of my readers, if I may judge from the facetious letters which I find in my post bag this week. W. C. tells me that he is puzzled to know why a person talks of "getting his own back"; he points out that a man always has his own back. "Why, therefore, should he bother about it? Anybody else's back would be of no use to him."——I am not so sure of that; quite a lot of people are only too glad to make use of somebody else's back upon which to shift responsibility. Some people find their own back insufficient in the ordinary affairs of life and require the assistance of backers. (In dictating this reply, through a mis-hearing—or, more correctly, a miss not hearing—the last word was spelt "Bacchus.")

M. B. writes in reference to the paragraph which appeared recently in *P. W.* stating that Colonel Cubitt is the only officer with V.C. and D.S.O., to say that Colonel A. G. Hammond, V.C., C.B., D.S.O., enjoys a similar distinction.

"CAN you tell me how I can get a song published?" inquires E. M. "I send you the first verse, and shall be glad to know what you think of the strain?

> Aged men of the day, bold warriors we,
> We'll lead our brave boys o'er the sea;
> We'll make a stand in African's land,
> And show the Burghers how we expand?"

——A music publisher in your own town will give you the desired information concerning the publication of your song. I should say that the strain would be great, but as I do not know the nature of the expansion, I am unable to say upon which portion of the clothing or anatomy the strain would fall. You appear to be in some doubt on this point yourself, as you put a note of interrogation at the end. Strain of expansion usually falls on the waistcoat; but this can be relieved by undoing one or two of the lower buttons.

R. F. asks me if gold is affected by the temperament of the individual. He alludes chiefly to the fact that some married ladies wear out their wedding rings more quickly than others, and he excludes those who do their own house work, because the reason for the wear is obvious in those cases.——The wearing out of a wedding ring will depend on many circumstances. Rings of higher quality, having less alloy, are softer and will wear out more quickly than inferior ones. I know that the temperament affects the gold on certain persons, but that is apart from wedding rings; so soon as a piece of gold falls into their possession, it melts or changes into silver or even bronze. This is a remarkable fact, but it can be vouched for absolutely.

WRITING from Shanghai, A. S. sends me the following: "Here is a coincidence of names for you; how they all came to be on a ship's articles at the same time is a Chinese puzzle to me: Captain Weeks, Chief Officer Day, Second Officer Knight, Third Officer Long, Fourth Officer Short, Chief Engineer Steel, Second Engineer Irons, Third Engineer Brassey and Fourth Engineer Woods."——Very clever indeed. It only wants Fifth Engineer Stern, and Sixth Engineer Bow, and Seventh Engineer Keel to make the whole ship complete. Why, too, did you leave out Purser Funnel, and Boatswain Screw?

"WHEN I was a boy," writes AGO, "I often heard people use the expresion, 'When my ship comes home,' meaning usually when a piece of good luck should fall to their lot. I do not think the expression is so often used now, but I should like to know the origin of it."——It is said to have originated in Bristol in the palmy days of that city. The sailors' wives were accustomed to obtain things on credit, on the understanding that they would pay when their ships came home—that is, on the return of the vessel on which their husbands sailed. The term gradually assumed a wider meaning, and finally signified coming into possession of a fortune.

THAT £250.

ROBERTS is getting near Pretoria. Isn't it time you were sending in your Pretoria coupons from *Pearson's Weekly* and our other papers, if you are going to stand a chance of winning that £250? Remember that the coupon may not appear again. You'll be sorry then that you didn't send in at once, for only those coupons sent in during each current week are available.

E. W. writes: "As I am interested in the subject of your rifle clubs, I beg leave to criticise. What use would the clubs be in the event of war if the members had no rifles of their own? Would it not be better for you to find out how many of your readers are anxious to learn the use of the rifle, and if the numbers justify it, to see what the Government would do in the way of encouraging a healthy movement that would dispense with the necessity of unhealthy, hateful, liberty-crushing conscription? No doubt, this is a large order, but I think it is much more useful than your rifle clubs."——In this, however, I am afraid I do not agree with you. In the deplorable event of our shores being threatened by an invader the Government could, if the necessity arose, place a rifle into the hands of every man able to shoot. They are in a position to do this; the Government armouries are stocked with hundreds of thousands of rifles. It is not, therefore, necessary for any man to have his own rifle, nor is it at present necessary for every man to be able to shoot at long range: practice under such conditions will come later. At present the great difficulty is to induce the man in the street to take any interest whatever in rifle shooting. This may appear ridiculous to the shooting enthusiast; nevertheless, it is a fact. Pearson's Rifle Clubs consist almost entirely of men who have never even handled a rifle before in their lives—men of business who have not time to be volunteers, shop assistants and clerks who don't care to tie themselves down to any special hours and days for drill, solicitors and their clients—in fact, of everybody who is neither a volunteer nor at present a member of a rifle club. When, after an experience at the Morris Tube ranges, each of these men finds that he likes rifle shooting as a pastime and is a fairly good shot, he will wish to become a member either of a volunteer corps (in order to obtain facilities for long range shooting), or will join a long range rifle club. At the same time, I would point out that neither of these subsequent steps is absolutely necessary. If a man, after joining a Pearson's Rifle Club, finds that he does not much care for the sport, he can simply say, "Good day," and go home.

WHILE on the subject of rifle clubs, I would draw your special attention to an article appearing on page 788 by the well-known rifle shot and authority, Mr. W. W. Greener. This gentleman's views on rifle shooting as a pastime are well worth reading and digesting. It is not the first time he has placed his views before the public. Quite recently he has published an excellent little shilling book under the title of "Sharpshooting for Sport and War," profusely illustrated, and embodying opinions on the various patterns of rifles, hints to beginners, and useful information about competitions. Those who propose to do any shooting at all might do worse than secure a copy through their bookseller.

I HOPE that my remarks last week, regarding the willingness of our staff club to shoot against any other Morris Tube club, have not been taken lightly. We really mean to try conclusions with our readers, and, although we shall probably be badly beaten, that won't lessen the interest or the fun of the thing. By-the-way, if you know anybody belonging to a Morris Tube club who is not likely to see these remarks, you might call his attention to them. Next week I hope to be able to publish some interesting facts about the progress our clubs are making all over the country.

W. H. S. says that cannibalism cannot be dead in this country, to judge by the following announcement which he saw in a shop window: "Good dinners, 1s. Children, 9d."——That is no evidence of cannibalism, W. H. S., but a cunningly devised plan for bringing the Fresh Air Fund to the public notice. "Children, 9d." Exactly. That is just the sum which will secure a whole day's happiness for some poor child. The other line is an intimation that for a sum less than you pay for a good dinner, you can feed a child and give it a day in the country. There is also another meaning to it—that a shilling postal order is a very convenient form of contribution; and, as you are not limited to one dinner, so you are not limited to one shilling, but in the latter case you will find it cheaper to obtain an order for the total number of shillings you wish to send. Didn't you see that?

I AM very gratified at the success which has attended the "Sympathy" Competition, the amount realised for the Fresh Air Fund having far exceeded my expectations. Many hundreds of poor little slum-bred children will be able to have the enjoyment of a day in the country, the expenses of the outing being defrayed by the entrance fees of the competition. Some of the attempts sent in were decidedly clever and original, and the prize of £5 has been awarded to Mr. W. W. Hackforth, Sutton Road, Wylde Green, near Birmingham, for the following: "SEND YOUR MAGNIFICENT PRIZE, AFTER TAKING HALF YOURSELF." Consolation prizes have been awarded to Mr. John James, High Street, Earith, St. Ives, Hunts; Mrs. N. Pryor, School House, Wicklewood, Wymondham, Norfolk; Mr. W. Whitehead, Fir Bank, Fulwood, Preston. The prize-winner is not by any means the only competitor who wished the prize—in the event of his obtaining it—to be divided between the FRESH AIR FUND and himself, though no one else expressed his wishes in the competition sentence. In the name of all the little ones who will reap so much benefit, I take this opportunity of thanking my readers for the practical sympathy they have shown towards the F.A.F. in connection with this competition, and would direct their very special attention to the notice on page 789.

"UP SHE GOES AGAIN!"—This is, perhaps, scarcely an elegant expression, but it is particularly applicable to the FRESH AIR FUND LIST. Last week was a splendid total, and this week it is even better, although the list itself does not bear such a great number of names. After pushing and shoving hard for some weeks past, we have, with your kind help, succeeded in starting the ball rolling, and there ought to be little trouble in seeing that it increases in size every turn it takes. Come now, can you honestly say that you have sent in a little bit of silver entirely on your own? If not, can you honestly say that you have secured little bits of silver from your many friends on behalf of the FRESH AIR FUND? Should neither of these caps fit you, then, perhaps, after you have blushed for shame, you will do your duty like a Briton and a reader of *P.W.* At the same time, don't forget that we will send you collecting forms on receipt of a postcard.

LAST week I appealed particularly to the secretaries of cycling clubs, asking that they should endeavour to collect among their members a few shillings for the Fresh Air Fund. This week, I appeal especially to tennis clubs, and would like to know if any secretary, or kind-hearted lady member, would sufficiently interest themselves in the Fresh Air Fund to justify their asking their fellow members for a few pence. If the sum total collected amounts to £8 2s., a special day will be set aside for 200 little children to go into the country, and will be known as the "Tennis Clubs Day." If any single club is sufficiently generous to forward this amount, the day on which the 200 children go away will be known by the title of the club in question.

Amount Previously Acknowledged, £360 14s. 2d.

Result of "Sympathy" Competition, £29 5s. 2d.; Inasmuch, 9d.; Mab, 6d.; D.Ou, 2s. 3d.; Frizzle, 2s. 6d.; C. F. H., 1s.; R. V. P., 1s.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; M. C. Stuart, 9d.; Anon., 10s.; D. Mottram, 10s. 6d.; Sidcup, 1s. 6d.; E. G., 2s.; Anon., 1s.; A. C. Morton, 2s.; W. S., £10; Sympathy, 2s.; Anon. (Brandon), £1; A Friend (Errol), 2s.; X. Y. Z. S., 6d.; Exchange, 1s. 6d.; E. Foredike, 6d.; J. Goold, 6d.; L. H. Walters, 6d.; *Big Budget* Readers, 1s. 6d.; Mrs. Davie, 10s.; "Country," 10s. 6d.; J. W. M., £3 2s.; Miss H. McQuintosh, 15s.; M. H. C., 5s.; Anon, 2s. 6d.; Anon., 10s.; Anon, 9d.; Reader of Pearson's *Magazine*, 1s.; Dudley, 2s. 6d.; H. J. Baker, 9d.; Mrs. Frederick, 10s.; J. H. T., 10s.; In Memory, 1s. 6d.; T. S. I., 2s. 6d.; J. C. Mitchell, 5s.; W. Balfour Gowlay, 5s.; Mrs. F. Eaton, 3s.; F. A. Gardner, 4s.; One Who Worries, 2s. 6d.; Mr. Major, 1s.; A Tommy Atkins, 1s.; Dugald and Leo, 1s. 6d.; Nellie's Birthday, £2 2s.; W. McK. S., 2s. 6d.; M. H., 3d.; Nellie Chester, 1s. 6d.; Corfe, 9d.; Tod and Vern Campbell, 1s.; Artilleryman, 1s. 6d.; T. E. M., 2s.; E. J. K., 1s.; G. J. Coe, 11d.; Elizabeth M. H. Strang, £1; "Sympathy," 3d.; Musicus, 6s.; J. L. T., 9d.; F. J. Kelshaw-Conway, 9d.; E. G. T., 9d.; W. H., 1s. 6d.; Anon. (Sunderland), 10s.; Result of Bazaar organised by Winnie and M. Chippendale and Jessie Walsh, £3; W. Buckley, £1 1s.; H. Palmer, 10s.; F. E. Mags, 1s. 6d.

COLLECTED:

Little Dorothy, 9s.; J. D. Rowles, 6d.; W. Mitchell, 2s. 3d.; Mrs. Laing and others, 7s.; T. H. McCleery, £1 15s.; "Green Man," per Mr. Ive, 11s. 2½d.; A. Kerr, £1; J. MacGregor, 5s; Miss L. Gregor, 1s.; Ship's Company, H.M.S. *Illustrious*, per W. Purchase, £3 6s.; J. Bucks and Messmates, 4s. 3d.; Anon (Burford), 2s.; Anon (Maidenhead), 10s.; H. E. G. E., 5s. 6d.; Betty Blumer, £1; Teacloth Fines at Stanstead, 5s. 3d.; F. W. Ledsome, 1s.; Maindee Boys' School, 7s. 6d.; Reliable Picnic, per D. E., 13s.; J. Houghton, 6d.; Anon, 1d.; Anon, 1d.; Anon, 9d.; Anon, 1d.; Anon, 1s. 6d.; Stroud Green Girls' School, £1 10s.

Grand (P.W.) Total, £634 7s. 9½d.

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Tenth page " "	10	0	0
Front page " "	120	0	0

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KILLS BUGS. FLEAS. MOTHS. BEETLES.

Sold in Tins 3d., 6d., 1s. each

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KEATING'S NEW PATENT BELLOWS FILLED

SEE BELOW HOW IT WORKS

Blows the [illegible] crevices [illegible] the Beetles [illegible]

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WATSON'S MATCHLESS CLEANSER.

Has proved itself one of the Best Soaps ever used. STILL HOLDS THE LEAD. QUALITY PERFECT.

BUY IT, PROVE IT, AND SECURE A PRIZE.

BIG PRIZE SCHEME

For SEPTEMBER, 1900.

15,409 HANDSOME PRIZES, VALUE £6,641 10s.

LIST OF PRIZES:

		£	s.	d.
1	Cash Prize, £50	£50	0	0
2	Cash Prizes, £40 each	80	0	0
5	Pianos, £40 each	200	0	0
3	Cash Prizes, £30 each	90	0	0
3	Cash Prizes, £25 each	75	0	0
5	Cash Prizes, £20 each	100	0	0
5	American Organs, £20 each	100	0	0
20	Ladies' Bicycles (free wheel), £17 17/- each	357	0	0
20	Gents' Bicycles (free wheel), £17 17/- each	357	0	0
5	Cash Prizes, £10 each	50	0	0
10	Cash Prizes, £7 10/- each	75	0	0
10	Cash Prizes, £5 each	50	0	0
20	Cash Prizes, 50/- each	50	0	0
50	Gents' Rolled Gold Waltham Levers, 50/- each	125	0	0
300	Ladies' Sterling Silver Watches, 30/- each	450	0	0
200	Cash Prizes, £1 each	200	0	0
250	Electro-plated Teapots, 15/- each	187	10	0
500	Gents' Umbrellas, 15/- each	375	0	0
500	Ladies' Umbrellas, 15/- each	375	0	0

		£	s.	d.
100	Pairs Witney Blankets, 15/- pair	£75	0	0
500	Cash Prizes, 10/- each	250	0	0
500	Handsome Meat Carvers, with Steel in Case, 10/- per set	250	0	0
500	Gent's Gun-Metal Watches, 10/- each	250	0	0
500	Ladies' Umbrellas, 7/6 each	187	10	0
1000	Ladies' Dress Lengths (Navy Blue Serge, 6yd. double width), 7/6 each	375	0	0
400	White Linen Table Cloths, 70in. square, 6/- each	120	0	0
500	Cash Prizes, 5/- each	125	0	0
500	Brushes and Combs in Handsome Cases, 4/6 each	112	10	0
2000	Cash Prizes, 4/- each	400	0	0
2000	Ladies' Leather Handbags, 4/- each	400	0	0
1000	Handsome Pictures, "Charge of the Light Brigade," 4/- each	200	0	0
2000	Handsome Work-boxes, 3/- each	300	0	0
2000	½-doz. Fine Linen Cambric Handkerchiefs, 2/6	250	0	0
15,409		£6,641	10	0

CONDITIONS OF COMPETITION.

Every Tablet of **WATSON'S MATCHLESS CLEANSER** is enclosed in a Wrapper with signature up the centre of same. Save the WHOLE Wrapper (tops of Wrappers will be disqualified), and send, postage or carriage paid, to **JOSEPH WATSON & SONS Ltd., WHITEHALL SOAP WORKS, LEEDS,** not later than September 30th, 1900. Each package will be counted as one lot; separate entries must be sent under separate covers. If any parcel arrives, postage or carriage not being fully paid, such parcel will be refused. Be careful to see that the full postage is paid. Each parcel sent in must contain the full name and address of sender, and number of Wrappers sent in must be marked on the same paper. On outside of parcel write legibly "**Prize Competition.**" The prizes will be awarded in the above order to the senders of the highest number of Wrappers. A list giving result of Competition will be enclosed with each prize when it is sent out. Every Wrapper must have first contained soap. No employee of JOSEPH WATSON & SONS Ltd. will be eligible. All Prizes will be despatched about October 2nd.

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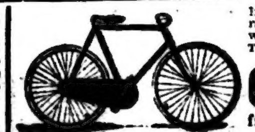

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(Signed) "W. HOWE,

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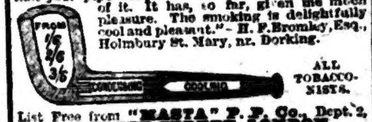

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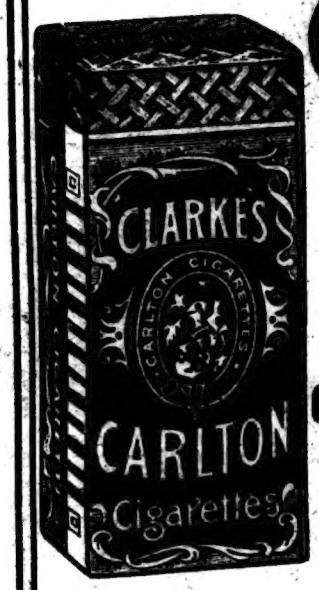

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